The Leatherneck

SEMPER FIDELIS

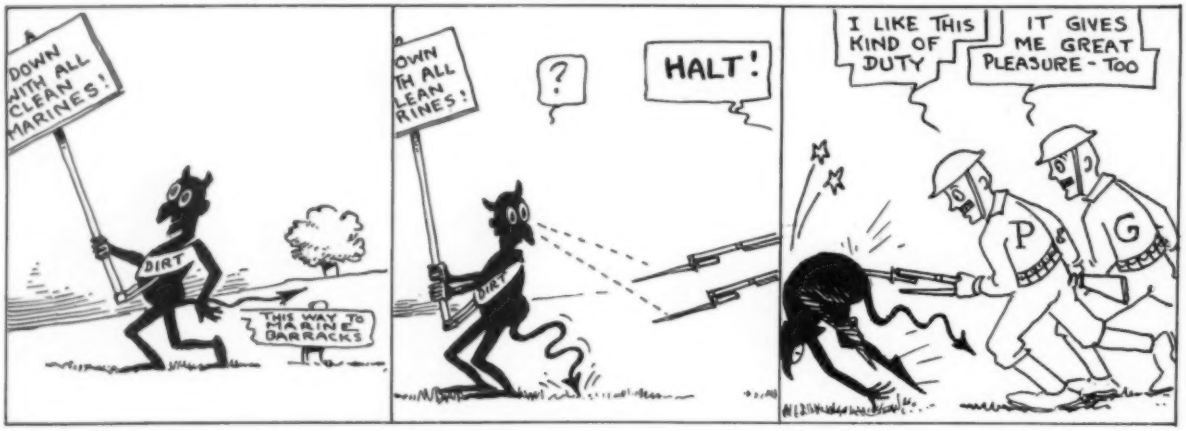
Vol. 8 No. 41 WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 10, 1925 $2.00 Per Year

1147



GEOTTGE INTERCEPTING A FORWARD PASS IN PRESIDENT'S CUP GAME

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Generals In Marine Corps Football

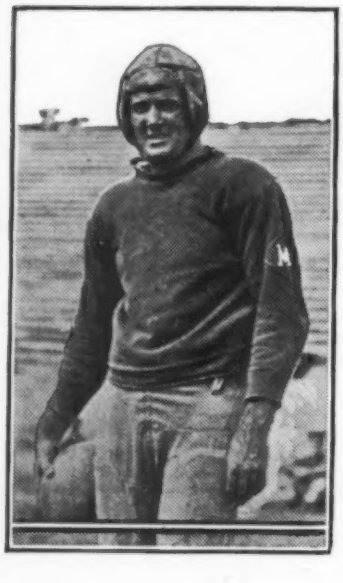


"BATTLING" VERNER TOPPLES ANOTHER

"Battling" George Verner, one of the most promising middleweights the Corps can boast of today, added another victory to his rapidly growing list by knocking out Frankie Grant, Southern mittster, in the fifth round of their meeting at Florence, S. C., on November 26th.

Verner quickly sized up Grant in the opening round and in that, and up until the fifth, when he landed his fatal punch, he completely outclassed the Southerner.

Handled by Louis Greenberg and Walter Vance, Verner shows all the earmarks of going far in his class. He has had a good touch of ring experience before coming into the Corps, is very clever, and is as fast as a flyweight with the punch of a heavy.



WHO'S WHO

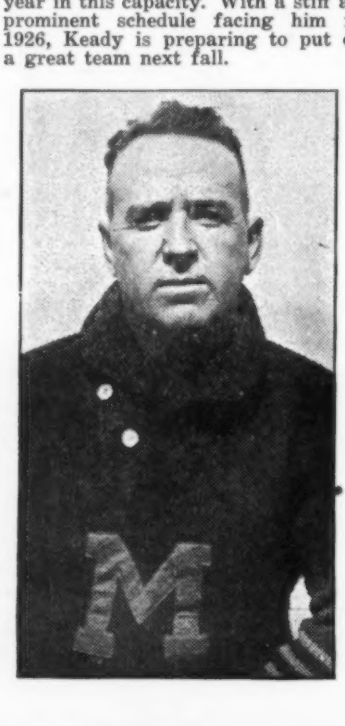
ABOVE—Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, who, back in 1922, introduced Marine Corps elevens into collegian schedules. He is still their most ardent follower.

LEFT—Lieut. Frank Goettge, for four years the Corps' smashing backfield star, who assisted in coaching this year's eleven. Goettge captained the eleven that won the President's Cup.

RIGHT—Lieut. Harry Liversedge, former University of California tackle, who for four years has been the mainstay of Marine elevens in that position. Assistant coach in charge of linemen for 1925.

BELOW—Head Coach John T. Keady, who has successfully completed his first year in this capacity. With a stiff and prominent schedule facing him for 1926, Keady is preparing to put out a great team next fall.





Summary of

Marines, 0; John Carroll U., 0.

Marines, 40; King College, 0.

Marines, 0; Canisius College, 3.

Marines, 0; U. of Detroit, 6.

1925 Games

Marines, 13; Catholic U., 6.

Marines, 6; W. Va. Wesleylan U., 0.

Marines, 7; Univ. Tenn. Medicos, 0.

Marines, 0; Georgetown, 16.

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Marines Win Service Championship and Coveted President's Cup in Defeat of Army 20-0

Goettge and McQuade Supreme] As Cardinal and Gold Brigade Walks Off With 20-0 Victory Over "Big Blue Tide" In Service Classic.

By HEINIE MILLER
Sports Editor, The Washington Herald

The President Coolidge Cup, the trophy emblematic of the highest honor in inter-service football endeavor, was won at Griffith Stadium on November 21 by the Marines' cup team. The colorful and aggressive Leathernecks from the Virginia Marine base defeated the Fort Benning All-Infantry eleven, defending 1924 champions of the Coolidge Cup, 20 to 0.

"From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli," wherever the proud colors of the Leathernecks wave over Uncle Sam's far-flung outposts, the glory of a well-earned and hard-fought gridiron victory is being celebrated today.

Marines Too Good

The Marines outclassed the soldiermen, particularly on the defense and in the aerial department of the pigskin sport.

The weather man was overly kind and some 3,500 turned out to enjoy the Indian summer weather and a thrilling game of gridiron warfare.

President Coolidge was not on hand. Mrs. Coolidge was there, accompanied by Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, Mrs. Wilbur, General and Mrs. Lejeune, General Smedley Butler and other high officials of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

Mrs. Coolidge, escorted by Captain Adolphus Andrews, U. S. N., naval aide to the President, awarded the Coolidge cup to Lieutenant Johnny McQuade, of the victorious Marines.

The Marines' first score came in the first quarter, when Frank Goettge, the outstanding star of the Marine lineup, skirted left end for a touchdown from the 10-yard line. Marines, 7; Army, 0.

The second touchdown was accomplished in the third quarter when, with Infantry fighting within the shadow of its own goal posts, Goettge faked a forward pass over left end, whirled, stepped back, throwing the whole Army defense topsy turvy and heaved the ball over the goal line into the waiting arms of Top Crowe. Henry again converted. Marines, 14; Army, 0.

The third touchdown was achieved in the final quarter when Johnny McQuade, former Maryland star, who had relieved Goettge under the "one officer rule," skirted the Army end for a 30-yard run, being downed close to the Infantry goal. Two smashing line plunges put the ball over. Shumway failed at the subsequent chance to kick. Marines, 20; Army, 0; the final score.

Goettge Stars

The lion's share of the glory of victory must go to Lieutenant Frank Goettge. As in previous Marine victories the big Ohio star once again proved that if all-American timber was chosen, irrespective of collegiate affiliations, it would take more than the United States Infantry to keep him from a niche in the Hall of Fame alongside such names as Grange, Gipp, Coy, Thorpe and others.

Some years ago a wartime poet in describing the Marines' bloody victory in the famous wheatfield of the bois de Belleau, wrote something about a German general challenging, "Who'll stop our machine?" The answer, according to the poet, came from across the bloody, waving tops of the wheat stalks, "A Marine!" Goettge exemplified that Marine spirit yesterday.

A Juggernaut

He was here, there, everywhere. Banging, blocking, tackling, kicking—a veritable juggernaut of a plain fighting man, withal intelligent to the utmost, handling the fine machine behind him as some Wellington might handle his troops.

Such glory as can come in defeat—and yesterday there was great glory in defeat—will go unanimously to George Smythe, former West Pointer and all-American star. It is doubtful whether, as an individual, Goettge outscintillated Smythe. The latter's ability and outstanding class really served as a boomerang for Infantry's chances. The great little West Pointer ranked with the greatest broken-field runners of all time, continually outran his interference, and, on several occasions, he was so anxious to get away that he tripped and fell on attempt reverse field plays.

(*Continued on Next Page*)

INTRODUCING HEINIE MILLER



HEINIE MILLER

Heinie Miller needs no introduction to the majority of our readers, but for the benefit of the few who are not acquainted with this well-known service sports writer and humorist, we might say: That Mr. Miller, former Navy man and Lieutenant in the Naval Reserves, is editor of *Our Navy*, sports editor of the *Washington Herald*, and correspondent for numerous service publications throughout the country.

He has specialized in writing and reporting service sports, and has gained a wide and famous reputation throughout the sporting world—many of his readers recognizing him as an authority on present-day sports.

Thus, when it came time to relate to our readers the Fort Benning-Marine football classic played in Washington, November 21, in which the Marine eleven won the coveted President's Cup, we felt that there was no one better fitted to tell it than Heinie Miller himself.

STOCK



Light, elusive end, who smeared up play after play in the Army's backfield.

Not that Smythe lacked a team with him. There simply are not many Smythes. Yesterday's great exhibition by the crack West Pointer proves that all-American stars are made to a great extent by the team providing their interference for them.

Not One-Man Game

Passes of Thermopylae are not held single handed these days. The tragic failure of game little Smythe to cross the Marine goal line was not without glory; neither was it unappreciated by even the Army's opponents. Playing his heart out, Smythe was all over the field, and when in the last few minutes of play he was knocked as cold as last week's consomme, to be carried from the field as "out" as ever a knocked out pugilist was, it was the Marine Corps' stands to give him three cheers and a "Smythe." He's a great player, probably as great now as he was in his All-American days.

However, Goettge and Smythe were not the only stars for their respective teams. Brunelle and Henry, particularly the latter, stood out for the Marines. Levinsky was a tower of strength in the Leatherneck line. Duncan was a real star. In the last few minutes of play the Marines tossed in Corporal Shumway, a fellow with the shoulders of a Sharkey and the profile of a collar advertisement. Johnny McQuade, when he took Goettge's place, was all over the field tearing through tackle and skirting the Army ends.

The Army too had other stars besides Smythe. Big Bertleman, the husky Hawaiian tackle, was great. So was Swantic. Lindsay, the sorrel-topped center of the soldiers, proved to be a great player and a fast thinker.

The contest, to the unbiased enthusiast, was one between Frank Goettge and George Smythe, two great stars. In the final analysis it would be unfair to say that Smythe was outplayed by Goettge. Rather, it is fair to say that Smythe deserved to win and failed because his team was not up to Smythe standard, game, aggressive and hard-trying as they are.

Goettge, on the other hand, was backed by a swirling gold and cardinal avalanche, tearing down the field before the big bull moose like some Fourth of July sky rocket gone insane. The Marines show the coaching of Bob Keady. They have the better fundamental football organization. They have the better team. They deserved to win the President's Cup.

Both the Marines and Army, when it came to cheer leading and color, rivaled anything the colleges put on the field. They are rapidly placing service football on the high plane it deserves.

The Army and Marine bands were there. Sergeant Major Jiggs, the Marines' bulldog mascot, was there in the height of canine glory when he tore around the field with the Army mule, which emblem of Army football prowess two aggressive Marines had deliberately stolen from the Infantrymen.

The Marines showed real spirit when, as the Georgetown-Fordham score was announced, they gave three cheers and a "Swab-o" for Georgetown. In seagoing parlance, "Swab-o" means a goose egg, a missed bullseye. The "Swab-o" was for Fordham. The cheers for Georgetown.

First Quarter

Infantry kicked off to Levinsky. The Marines immediately began to scintillate with brilliant forward passes. Even Colonel Mitchell would have found nothing wrong with the Leathernecks' aerial attack. The first one was uncorked before the echo of the opening whistle had died away. It sailed like a bullet, Goettge to Henry. "That big guy can throw 'em through a knothole," yelled a Marine. "What's par for this stadium?" asked another. It looked like a Marine walkover. Two first downs were registered in machine gun succession. And then the blue tide from Benning refused to be swept back. The Army line held. Goettge kicked to Stock. McQuarrie tried several plunges. The Marine line held, Goettge kicking. The Infantry could do nothing with the Marine line and the soldiers booted the oval over to the Marines. Goettge nearly got away on an end run, being downed by a shoe lace tackle by Sweeney.

BRUNELLE



Brunelle, brainy quarterback, whose handling of the Big Eleven this year has gained for him a star berth in the Hall of Fame of Marine Corps Football.

Goettge Stars

Goettge tossed a perfect forward pass to Henry. Brunelle skirted the end for thirteen yards. Henry fumbled, the ball being recovered by Buck. He nearly got away around the end. The Army staged a great success attack but the Marine line braced and held. Again Army kicked. Again Goettge uncorked a beautiful pass to Duncan. It sailed for thirty yards. With the crowd still giving voice to "ahs" following the toss, Goettge let drive with another of the same variety, perfectly handled by Duncan. The Marine passes were perfect and beautiful to watch. Henry jammed through off tackle. But the soldiers stopped Goettge in his tracks on the next play. Then came a break in the game. With the Infantry embattled on its own 6-yard line the soldiers drew a 5-yard penalty for holding. With but a yard to go, Goettge waltzed around left end for a touchdown. Henry converted.

Second Quarter

George Smythe took the place of McQuarrie. The All-American star was thrown for a loss on the very first play. The Marine line held like Gibraltar. Swantic drove a perfect kick to the Marines' 15-yard line. Goettge, it was always Goettge, skirted left end. Then the Infantry held fast. The Marines kicked to Smythe. He did not gain much. Smythe attempted a forward pass to Kgelstrom. The latter threw his head gear on the ground in disgust. With a clear field ahead of him he had fumbled the pass when it looked like a sure bet for a touchdown.

Smythe Gets Away

Smythe skirted right end for twenty yards, where he went somersaulting over the line as a result of Goettge's tackle. Smythe let drive another lengthy and spectacular pass. It failed by inches, Sweeney catching it just outside the white chalk marks. Smythe jammed through center for five yards. Smythe went through again for a small gain. Smythe switched around right end to within a scoring position. Army looked like a sure touchdown now. The blue backs of the infantry grouped into a huddle, talking over the plans of attack, Swantic failed on an off-tackle plunge.

(*Continued on Next Page*)

ZIMMERMAN



Former Simpson College quarterback, who has ability at that position with the Marine Eleven.

The Marines were fighting now as hard as they did on other fields in other days. Their backs were to the wall.

The Stonewall Line

The ball was on their 1-yard line and it stayed on their 1-yard line! They held. Call it a "break" if you want, but take no credit from a line that holds off touchdowns by inches! Goettge got off a miserable kick that went out of bounds on the 15-yard line. Again Army threatened as Smythe jammed through for five yards. Two more attempts to hit the Marine line failed and they lost the ball when an attempted forward pass grounded behind the goal line.

In midfield the Army line held and Goettge booted to Smythe. The blue-clad all-American stumbled in his own anxiety to get away after he had completely reversed the opposition's field. Then followed three more of Smythe's sensational passes, with his receivers just failing to get down field in time to nail them. Smythe got off a great kick to the opposite goal posts. McQuade received the ball and went down the field for a 45-yard run. That ended the half. Marines, 7; Army, 0.

Third Quarter

Again Smythe stumbled as he received the ball. Army had to kick out of danger. Smythe let drive with a perfect spiral for fifty yards, with big Bertleman, the dusky Hawaiian, down field to tackle Goettge as he received the ball. No one knows how big Bertleman got there. Goettge tried two plays off tackle, being smeared by Buck on both occasions.

Goettge kicked to Smythe, who was downed by Top Crowe before he had gained a foot. The Marine ends were getting down there.

The Army was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Smythe threw a forward pass straight into an interception by the waiting arms of Brunelle.

Big Bertleman

Henry jammed through tackle for a first down. Goettge attempted a line buck and was dumped in a heap by big Bertleman. Goettge dropped back and heaved another one of the Marines' perfect passes seventeen yards into the arms of Duncan. Brunelle skirted the end for five yards. The play was right on Army's back doorstep now. Goettge took advantage of the situation and the Marine aerial system. He dropped back again, faked a pass over the end, whirled and shot it straight through the line, like a catcher throwing to second base. Top Crowe was there, caught the oval and sat on it for another touchdown. Henry kicked the goal. Marines, 14; Army, 0.

Goettge kicked to Smythe.

Goettge, leaping into the air like Horse Haggerty jumping center, smeared Smythe's forward pass attempt. Smythe jammed through the Marine line, but was smeared from behind by big Sol Levinsky, playing a great game for the Leathernecks.

Smythe Falls

Smythe got away to what appeared to be a real touchdown. Diving through tackles, the goal posts were at the end of an open road before him. Again he stumbled and fell. His head was too fast for his feet, and he was too fast for his team.

Goettge intercepted a forward pass, but did not gain. The Army held on attempted line plays. Goettge kicked to Smythe, who ran the oval back thirty yards. Smythe again got away for a great run. He was downed on the enemy's 30-yard line. Smythe grounded an attempted pass to Sweeney and the ball reverted to the Quanticans.

Fourth Quarter

The Army line held nicely and the Marines were forced to kick. The Marines held on the next two plays and, with the Army line well "sucked in," the Marines crossed them with a kick that bounded far toward the goal posts and no one there to get it. Smythe made a great run of twenty-five yards through interference. Smythe failed to gain on the next play. Smythe fell on his own fumble. Smythe again outran his interference. Marines held and Army kicked to Duncan. He fumbled, but Brunelle recovered. Henry smashed through center for twenty yards. Duncan gained five yards off tackle. The Army braced and the Marines kicked. Smythe threw a perfect pass to Sweeney. The latter held the ball, juggled it and fumbled. It was a tough break. Smythe grounded an attempted pass to Green. Army kicked to Duncan, who was downed in his tracks.

(*Continued on Page* 9)

1925 SERVICE CHAMPS



The Marine Squad flanked by their able coaches and the ever ready Medico, with Mascot Sgt. Major Jiggs in the foreground.

PHILLY MARINES CLOSE SUCCESSFUL SEASON

WIN FOURTH NAVAL DISTRICT CUP FOR SECOND YEAR

Defeat of New London Sub Base High Light in List of Victories

The Philadelphia Marine Barracks football team closed a successful season by defeating the Lakehurst Naval Air Station at Franklin Field by a score of 26-6, thereby winning the championship of the Fourth Naval District for the second successive year.

The team was coached again this season by Capt. F. A. Hart and Mr. W. H. Halas, who, in his college days, played football at the University of Illinois, and has coached football teams in many places since. All that need to be said of Mr. Halas's ability as a coach is that he was assistant to that master of football strategy, Knute Rockne, at Notre Dame for three years. He is now in business in Philadelphia and has assisted in coaching the Marines for the past two seasons to keep his hand in at the game. Much of the success of the team for the past two seasons has been due to the untiring efforts of Captain Hart, both in his coaching and his interest in the individual members of the team.

Although this year's team did not have as good a record in games won and lost as the team of last season, a much harder schedule was played. Three games were lost, but not to service teams. Mount St. Mary's College, a team that held Georgetown to a 19-to-13 score, defeated the Marines, 7-0, scoring a touchdown in the last five minutes of play. The Millville Professionals, New Jersey State champions for the past three years, defeated the Marines, 13 to 0, mainly through the interception of forward passes. Included in the lineup of the Millville team were seven former Lafayette College players—Crowthers, last year's Colgate University captain, and players from the University of Pittsburgh, Vermont and Villa Nova. One other game was lost to St. John's College, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

A game that gave the Marines great satisfaction in winning was one with the New London Submarine Base at New London, Conn., a team that had not been defeated by a service team in four seasons, with the exception of a game lost to the Quantico Marines in 1922. The game was played in a sea of mud and was decided by a field goal kicked by Murray, the Marine center, from the 40-yard line. An example of Marine Corps spirit and backing was shown at this game by the New London Marine detachment who, although outnumbered by several thousand gobs, made up for their lack of numbers by the amount of noise made. The Philadelphia Marines left New London with a fine memory of Captain Curtis and the Marine detachment for the hospitality and support given them. The scores for the rest of the season were: Marines 27, Naval Hospital 0; Marines 3, Lakehurst Naval Air Station 3 (first game); Marines 0, Fort Slocum, N. Y., 0; Marines 26, Lakehurst Naval Air Station 6. Practice games were also played with Drexel Institute and Villa Nova College.

Among the outstanding features of the Marines' play this season were the field-goal kicking of Murray, who was successful in five out of six attempts. Murray won the New London game and tied the first Lakehurst game with his boots from placement. The backfield, consisting of Wilkinson, Fickert, Fee, Litzenberg, Vickerman, Preib, Dempsey and Marcus, played fine football in every game and were so nearly matched in ability that it would be hard to pick an individual better than the rest. On the line the ability of Murray as a field-goal expert stood out; his passing and defensive play was also of the best. Other players were: Dayton, center; Martin, Bushyeager, Doman and Brown, guards; Kline, Clarke, Heagerty and Reichgott, tackles; Carleton (Capt.), Coker and Phillippi, ends.

The prospects for another championship team next year are bright, as a good many of the men from this season's team will remain.

MARINE-HASKELL INDIAN GAME "FALLS THROUGH"

The Marine Corps' 1925 football season closed on Thanksgiving Day, following the game with Georgetown University.

Although tentative plans were made earlier in the season to have the Marines meet Haskell Institute in Baltimore on December 5, the necessary arrangements "fell through" and the meeting postponed until next year.

FOURTH NAVAL DISTRICT GRID CHAMPS



The Philly Squad. Top Row (Left to Right)—Wilkinson, Brown, Clarke, Dayton, Snell, Colonel Hill, Captain Hart (coach), Mr. W. H. Hales (coach). Middle Row (Left to Right)—Fickert, Dempsey, Marcus, Bushyeager, Preib, Vickerman, Herman, Litzenberg. Bottom Row (Left to Right)—Reichgott, Kline, Fee, Doman, Carleton (Capt.), Murray, Heagerty, Coker, Phillippi.



HENRY

"Henrys" Complete Last Year of Football



McHENRY

The final whistle that ended the Georgetown-Marine game completed the season for the Marine Corps eleven, and also completed the last year of football for two of the Corps' stellar players—Lieutenant McHenry and Sergeant Henry.

Under the two-year ruling, which will go into effect next fall, these two men are both ineligible for next year's team. Lieutenant McHenry, who captained and played tackle this year, has completed a three-year course at his regular berth, and will undoubtedly be sent to coach a post team next year. Big Henry, smashing backfield star, will not be brought up from the gendarme, as he has been for the past four years. Henry's football career has been long, successful and varied. Six years ago he played in the backfield of Louisiana; the following year he held a backfield berth with the Fifth Division of the A. E. F., following that up with four years with the Big Eleven. These two men have proved their worth in every play and game they have been in, and will be greatly missed.

CONFERENCE AND SECTIONAL FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS FOR 1925 AND 1924

Championship	1925 Winner	1924 Winner
East (best record)	Dartmouth	Penn, Yale, Dartmouth
Southern Conference	Alabama	Alabama
Western Conference	Michigan	Chicago
Pacific Coast Conference	Univ. of Washington	California, Stanford
Missouri Valley Conference	Univ. of Missouri	Univ. of Missouri
Rocky Mt. Conference	Colorado Aggies	Colorado Univ.
Southwestern Conference	Texas A. & M.	Baylor
"Big Three"	Princeton	Yale
"Little Three"	Amherst	Williams
Pacific Northwest Conference	Washington and Oregon Aggies (tie)	Idaho, Gonzaga
Southern California Conference	Occidental	Pomona
New England Conference	Maine and New Hampshire (tie)	----------
Southern Intercollegiate A. A.	Oglethorpe	----------
Service	West Point	West Point
Enlisted Services	Marine Corps	Army

LEACH MAKES COMING SEASON DEBUT

Melvin Leach, erstwhile long-distancer of the Washington Navy Yard, ran his first distance run of the opening season in the Aloysius Club Five-mile Marathon Run, staged by that club on December 6. As Leach had not finally completed his preliminary training, he did not try for any time, and simply jogged along, coming in in fine condition and showing no sign of uneasiness or fatigue.

Leach, followers of track events will remember, is the fleet-legged Marine who showed his heels to all service entries last spring in the Washington Post Cup Marathon, and carried off the cup offered to the fastest service harrier.

FINNEGAN BESTED

Honey Boy Finnegan, former featherweight Navy star, made a poor bow before New York ring fans a few days ago, when he was badly outpointed by Joe Glick, of Brooklyn, in ten fast and furious rounds.

The Honey Boy is a southpaw and was rapidly climbing the ladder to fame, being tentatively booked to meet Babe Herman in December and held in mind for a crack at Kid Kaplan, the titleholder. This meeting with Glick upset Finnegan, and will probably delay him some time. From followers and ring bugs it was learned that the Navy boy was suffering an "off night" of the worst kind. They feel in another attempt the outcome will be different.

A Marine's Teeth!

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NOTRE DAME ON MARINES' 1926 SCHEDULE

HEAVY PROGRAM BEING BOOKED FOR NEXT SEASON

Boston College, Centenary and Haskell Indian Games Force Marines to Cover Large Area of Nation

Prior to the closing of the 1925 football season, monster preparations boosted the prestige of the Marine Corps eleven, when athletic officers in charge of arranging the schedule for 1926 announced that Notre Dame, Boston College, the Haskell Indians and Centenary College would form the backbone of next year's schedule. These games, added to the Georgetown, Catholic University and King College contests which will undoubtedly be played next year, will give the Corps as conspicuous a gridiron season as they have ever booked. From the rumors that have been trickling out of Quantico relative to the expected material obtainable for next year's eleven, it is felt that the Marines will fill this schedule and handle the situation to satisfaction.

The Notre Dame game is a sure bet and the leading light of the schedule. Knute Rockne, coach of the famous eleven, assured this meeting when he recently published his program for next year. Dates as yet have not been fixed, but the meeting will, no doubt, take place in October, as Rockne is anxious to play the Leathernecks early in the season, at the same time dedicating his new field, an honor of no small importance. The Centenary game will take our Big Eleven down into Louisiana, the game in all probability being played at Shreveport. New England will be invaded by the Marines for the first time when they meet Boston College, a team which this year is bidding with Georgetown for high honors in their particular conference. Present plans indicate that the Haskell Indians will meet the Marines in Washington. This will undoubtedly develop into a classic. If the stadium now being built at Quantico is completed by next year, it is planned to have King College up for one of the games to be played there. A meeting between Fort Benning or the Navy eleven and the Marines would be a splendid dedication of this field, which General Butler conceived for the promotion of better athletics at Quantico.

NORFOLK ELEVEN WINS SECOND LEG ON TROPHY

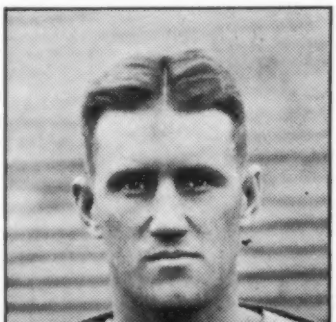
The Norfolk Marines won the championship of the Fifth Naval District on November 14 by swamping the Naval Air Station in the playoff game, 34 to 0.

By winning this year the Marines have two legs on the trophy. The Naval Air Station were the winners in 1922 and 1923, but in 1922, for some unknown reason, the Marines were omitted from the competition. The Marines decisively won the championship in 1924, and this year it could hardly have been more decisive. On October 10 the Marines defeated the Naval Hospital 47 to 3, and on October 31 defeated the Training Station 13 to 0. The lone score, a field goal, scored against the Marines was a place kick made from the 35-yard line and from a terrific angle.

Having won the championship of the Fifth Naval District, the next aim for laurels is the Tidewater District Championship. While the Marines have met only two of the teams considered for this title, they have defeated both, and all other teams in the conference have dropped one game.

CREDIT DUE

Keeping stride with collegiate football, the Marine Corps has advanced pace for pace as far as the game itself is concerned. Another phase which has been developed with remarkable progress is the ability to rival the collegians in their cheering sections. A football game would be about as dead a contest to witness as a checker tournament around a country store without the lustre given it by the opposing cheering sections. Much credit can be given the promoters and leaders, Davie Slayton, Ted Pace and Bill Sprague, for the didoes and gesticulations they have displayed during the games. All but the Georgetown game! How about that, Slayton? Too much turkey?



PUGH

Lieut. Ed. Pugh, for three years halfback star at University of Maryland. His spectacular 80-yard run in the Georgetown game put the finishing touches to a successful season in Marine football.

WASHINGTON MARINES END SEASON IN TIE GAME

Pretentious Schedule Planned for Next Year's Eleven

Playing the Fort Washington Soldiers to a scoreless tie, the Washington Barracks Marines closed a successful season on the gridiron. Playing under handicaps that would daunt many another team, the Marines capped the climax with a 6-0 victory over the Mercurys, the District's 1924 Unlimited Champs. This was sweet revenge for the defeat suffered in 1924.

Among the games played were those with Ed. Garbisch's Fort Humphreys eleven, the Mohawk and Palace Clubs, of Washington; Clarendon, Va., and the Fort Washington Soldiers. Three were won, two lost, and one tried.



Levinsky

The outstanding player of the season was Sol Levinsky, former Navy and All-Marine tackle. Although shifted to an end position, Levinsky was a tower of strength both offensively and defensively. Mention must be made of the work of "Top" Rowe and McCormick. McCormick was developed from the "green" by Lieutenant Gardner, and promises a great future.

The close of the season finds abundant material for next year's team, and a pretentious schedule, with the aim of placing Washington Barracks among the leaders, is being contemplated.

Summary of games:
Washington, 6; Palace A. C., 0.
Washington, 6; Mercury A. C., 0.
Washington, 6; Clarendon Va., 0.
Washington, 6; Ft. Humphreys, 16.
Washington, 0; Mohawk A. C., 13.
Washington, 0; Ft. Washington, 0.

ARMY TO STRENGTHEN FUTURE "CUP" TEAMS

Recent rumblings from army headquarters indicate that a tremendous improvement in their President's Cup football team for next year should be looked for.

With defeat still ringing in their ears, army athletic officers are preparing to propose new regulations that will enable them to transfer any eligible football players to Fort Benning for use with the infantry team. Not having sufficient funds nor the direction to transfer men for athletic purposes, the army claims to have been handicapped in drawing together an all-infantry eleven. Another phase in which they are handicapped is in their lack of a football coach in a civilian capacity. Up to this year they have made use of officers stationed at the Georgia post who have had previous knowledge of the gridiron game. It is their intention to be able to employ a *good* outsider for next season.

SAN DIEGO DEFEATS NINTH CORPS ARMY ELEVEN AND STATE COLLEGE AZTECS

Ryckman and Woods Sweep Opposition Before Them On West Coast

On November 2nd the powerful line and the smashing eleven Johnny Beckett has put on Western gridirons this fall defeated the Ninth Army Corps Area Gridders, 25 to 12. The San Diegans opened up in the first half with a strong offense, in which Woods and Ryckman, aided by Lucke, featured. The Marines clearly had the edge during the entire game, and at all quarters charged through the heavy doughboy line and swept around the Army's ends for great yardage and gains.



In the second half, however, the Soldiers opened up with a terrific attack and smeared play after play attempted by Beckett's men. But this rally was momentary, and, after gaining two first downs, the Army's assault died down. From then on the Marines had their own way.

On College Field, November 14th, Johnny Beckett's eleven was held to a 14-14 tie by State College Aztecs. The game was one of the most terrific ever witnessed on a San Diego gridiron. The Marines, with a long line of victories behind them, were out for revenge, and the collegians, although greatly outweighed, fought desperately to hold their reputation. For three quarters San Diego frustrated all attempts made by the collegians in their aerial attacks. However, near the end of the fourth quarter the Aztecs went into the air and passed the tiring Leathernecks to a tie. Woods, left-halfback, was again the outstanding star. In this game he displayed a wonderful ability in broken-field running, rivaling the reputation of his teammate, Ryckman.



This is Lieutenant Beckett's first year in a coaching position at the Marine base since 1917, when, as Corporal Beckett, he coached the brilliant eleven, parent aggregation from which has sprung the now-famous Marine Corps football team. Taking over the material on hand early this season, he built up a heavy smashing line around Cereck, one of last year's tackles on the Quantico team, and a wonderful backfield around Willis Ryckman, who will be remembered as the famed broken-field runner who aided greatly in defeating the Third Army Corps at Baltimore in 1924. Rumor has it that Ryck will be brought East to again don the crimson and gold of the Big Eleven next year.

McQuade got away for a twenty-yard run but was nailed by Sweeney on a shoe lace tackle. Army was penalized for roughness. Shumway smashed through center for five yards. McQuade got away for a thirty-yard run. With the goal posts within reach, Smythe tackled him and both went down in a crashing heap.

Smythe Goes Out

The impact knocked Smythe completely out. He was carried from the field. Two more line plunges and the Marines jammed McQuade over for another touchdown. Shumway failed with his attempted kick. Marines, 20; Army, 0.

Shumway kicked off to McQuarrie. On the next play the Army fumbled, Crowe recovering for the Marines. Shumway carried the ball through for four yards. McQuade jammed through off tackle. McQuade failed on a similar attempt. Brunelle failed to gain.

The whistle! Sergeant Major Jiggs took one look at the score board, licked his chops and growled the snarl of devil-dog victory. He's the mascot of a great team and a fighting one, withal a heady, well-coached, fast-thinking outfit.

The lineup and summary:

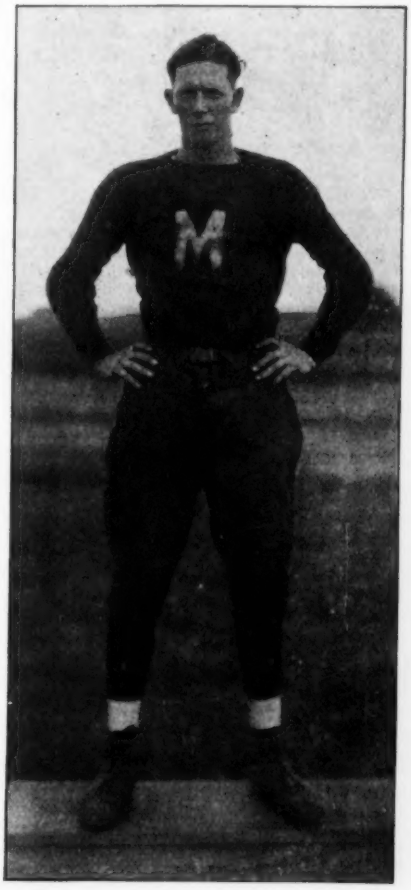
MARINES	POSITION	INFANTRY
Crowe	L. E.	Kgelstrom
Wigmore	L. T.	Bertleman
Levinsky	L. G.	Lapine
Spaulding	Center	Lindsay
Hill	R. G.	McGuire
Brougher	R. T.	Hesse
Stock	R. E.	Sweeney
Goettge	Q. B.	McQuarrie
Brunelle	L. B.	Swantic
Duncan	R. B.	Bennett
Henry	F. B.	Buck

Score by periods:

Marines	7	0	7	6—20
Infantry	0	0	0	0— 0

Touchdowns — Goettge, Crowe, McQuade. Goals after touchdown—Henry, Henry. Failed at goal after touchdown—Shumway. Substitutions—Marines, Williams for Hill, McQuade for Goettge, Goettge for McQuade, McQuade for Goettge, Shumway for Henry, McLane for Wigmore; Infantry, Smythe for McQuarrie, Colby for Bertleman, McCoy for McGuire, Dixon for Lindsay, Green for Swantic, Johnson for Hesse, Bertleman for Colby, McGuire for McCoy, Lindsay for Dixon, Swantic for Green, Hesse for Johnson, McCoy for McGuire, Dixon for Lindsay, Colby for Bertleman, Stanowich for Lapine, Johnson for Hesse, Swantic for Buck, McQuarrie for Smythe, Davis for Kgelstrom. Referee—Towers, Columbia. Umpire—Lang, Navy. Field judge—Daniels, Georgetown. Head linesman—O'Meara, Columbia.

"WHIZ BANG" LEVY



"Whiz-bang" Jimmy Levy, star backfield player on the Parris Island Marine varsity football team, has well earned his moniker during the present season. Starting the season with the Field Music Detachment (freshman team), he soon proved that he was much too fast for the youngsters, and, because of his great speed, played most of the time without any interference.

Realizing that Levy was being wasted on the lighter team, Head Coach Larson placed him with the varsity squad. Almost from the beginning he played with the first string, and since has displayed a brand of backfield play that has won for him the plaudits of all who have seen him perform ahd an offer to play college football.

Levy, who weighs only 135 pounds, possesses a frightened antelope-like speed, dodging ability of a cornered fox, and football intelligence above par. He gave the fans at the Marine-Fort Benning game at Savannah, Armistice Day, their greatest thrill of the entire event when he caught a long pass from quarter with both feet high off the ground.

And his athletic ability is not confined to football. He is a member of the Parris Island basketball team, and the baseball nine. He played part of last season in the Florida State League for experience, and is looked to to be the Island team's best bet next season.



"This," as Will Rodgers would say, "is the worst yarn we have heard today."

It would seem that one Noah Webster (who is credited with having written nothing short of Webster's Unabridged) was sitting in the kitchen of his home one day with a pretty serving maid on his lap. Mrs. Webster entered, unexpectedly: "O! Noah!" she cried. "I am surprised!"

"No, my dear," replied Noah, rising rather hastily to his feet. "Aren't you ever going to learn to speak English correctly? YOU are astonished; I am the one who is surprised."

Just what happened after this we don't know, as we left about that time.

TODAY'S LESSON IN ANCIENT HISTORY

We are just wondering how many of you fellows think of the "modern" woman as something startingly new, and believe that up to the time when the little flapper first began to feel her oats (or was it her wings?) as she evolved from the suffragette type, that women had been wandering around the earth in a condition of sad-eyed innocence, waiting for handsome men to come along and rescue them from all sorts of childish predicaments. Far be it from such, if you'll excuse the slang, and you don't have to take our word for it. Here it is, straight dope right out of our ancient history.

Something like about 2,500 years B. C. Semiramis, who was the daughter of a captain in the army of an Assyrian king, dressed herself up in men's clothing and hiked along with her dad on the campaign. Eventually the army wound up about the walls of some ancient city, and besieged it for many weeks, but could not break its way through, as the inhabitants got up on the walls and threw stones, hot pitch and other excellent substitutes for present-day explosives down on them; so it finally developed that some one had to volunteer to crawl over the wall, knock out the sentry before he gave the alarm, and open the gates so the besieging army could get in. Volunteers were called for, and Semiramis was the only one who was willing to tackle the job. The wall was probably two or three hundred feet high, but she managed the job, and when the king found out she was a lady, he rewarded her by marrying her. Did they live happily ever after? Likely not, as she, shortly after becoming queen, had the king dethroned, and took the job herself, winning quite a reputation for herself in a military way. Compared to Mrs. Semiramis, boys, the flapper is a mild-eyed little kitty.

We have just naturally got to have some sort of a rhyme in this column, or there would be no excuse for its having ever been in the brig to get out. The one we are giving you here is some futuristic or impressionistic stuff, like some of the art they are handing out, pictures of Pavlowa with six legs (honest, we saw one on exhibit at the Arts and Crafts Club here), square-headed people (actually, not figuratively), to say nothing of purple pigs and pink cows. The "pome" is supposed to take place on a rainy night under a canvas circus tent, and is the picturization of the thoughts of a bareback rider:

Troopin'

Troopin', troopin', troopin' in the wind and rain—
Look! That doggone canvas has sprung a leak again!
White shoes 'n' silver spangles, and ten feet of mud to track
Where Roddy's munchin' hay, with the trappings on his back;
The elephants are rollin' thru the black and sticky slime—
Say! You guys can have yer troopin', this season's my last time.
The dynamo ain't workin'? The cable must be wet.
Gee! They're packin' in the big top—it's full as it can get.
They're sloshin' thru the mud and rain—we must put on a show—
That's my act they are announcin'—Come on, Roddy—take it slow.
A ridin' stunt out there tonight is worth a fellow's pay—
O! Well, I'll quit this troopin' this season, anyway.
You ain't no mud horse, Roddy! Don't start no fancy does,
Half the lot's already stickin' to the bottom of my shoes.
Swing around a trifle faster! If you're careful you won't slip!
If you don't step up some, pronto, yer gonna get the whip—
Pep 'er up! They want more action! That's it, Boy! Step it high!
Like as not before tomorrow half this crowd is gonna die
With pneumonia or influenza—they're as wet as they can be—
Hold 'er, Roddy! Hold 'er! That applause was meant for me!
Damn that tiger with his yowling—meanest brute here on the show.
Roddy! Durn yer! Quit yer kickin'! He ain't loose, yer darn well know—
Gawd! This troopin's something orful—bathing in a gallon pail—
Quit yer stampin', Roddy! Dern yer, let the old cat wail!
Days and nights on clanking show cars—livin' from a busted trunk—
Chowin' in a damn ole cook tent. Troopin's certainly the bunk.
Whoa, Boys! Whoa! Say, grab them kids! What are they out there for? Hey!
God! We missed 'em, Roddy—missed 'em! Say, where am I, anyway?
Who's that man? A doctor? Hospital? Busted leg and shoulder sprain?
Say, there, Buddy, when'll I be up and on the show again?

A certain corporal in the Marine Corps got married to a trained nurse not long ago. She immediately became very fussy about his health, watching him constantly. He chanced to mention to her before leaving for the barracks one night that he had morning colors. During the night it rained, and before reveille that morning the telephone orderly got the following message: "This is Mrs. Corporal Smith speaking. Will you please tell Corporal Smith that I said for him not to stand too long with his bare head on the damp ground this morning and catch cold."

We learn from a recent news item that an automobile developed by an Australian inventor is designed with the engine midway between the front and rear and operates equally well in either direction. Now, if this inventor will just develop it up to the point where it will step sideways out of a tight parking space, we will hand it to him for having at last perfected the automobile.

Our blonde stenog went over to the naval station to a dance on the 10th, and as the street cars over on the other side of the river stop running at 12, she and her Marine escort had to walk all the way back to the New Orleans ferry, some twenty or more blocks. Along with a couple of "sore dawgs," as she calls them, she tells us she is designing a special gown, half evening gown and half girl scout hiking costume. She is not so intelligible on the subject, but from what we can gather, it will be for wear to any future dances she may attend at the station. Any of you Devil Dogs located on Toonerville trolley lines that would like to have the pattern to pass along to the girl friend, let us know and we will try and get it for you.

Why call a man a crank who has positive convictions? A crank is something that can be turned.

A FEW SIGHS

By CHARLES "LEFTY" RAPPOLD

Any Guy's Job Looks Better Than Mine

Some folks say that a company clerk
Does more loafin' than he does work.
The Privates say, with a grievous sigh:
"I'd give my pay to be that guy!"

They point out a clerk who's passin' by
And say: "Just look at that doggone guy;
He loafs and loafs the live-long day;
He don't do a thing but draw his pay."

But if you knew what an awful strain
A man is under when he works his brain
To the breaking point in a stuffy room—
Believe me, bo, you'd change your tune.

The last time I tried to compose poetry was in high school. I escaped the insane asylum by denying all knowledge of same.

You can guess what it was like by reading the above poem. Still, I can't be blamed. It isn't my fault I was born left-handed.

Johnny Souse, of Drunkenberg, is suing the alleged inventors of the "Charleston" for one million cartwheels. John claims he invented the "Charleston" the last time he had the D. Ts.

The crowd will now arise and sing that beautiful ballad entitled: "Policeman, come and stop a fight; my cat is lickin' its paw."

MISSING MEN

There was once a daring driver who believed that some fine day
With a speeding locomotive he'd dispute the right of way;
He would just step on the throttle, then he'd airily look back
And observe the shattered fragments of the engine by the track.
Then he'd smile with satisfaction as along the way he tore—
There once was such a driver, but there isn't any more.

There was once a gay young fellow, whose delight it was to gloat
At the other folks' annoyance while he stood and rocked the boat.
"Aren't you sorry," he would cackle, "that you never learned to swim?"
Then he'd lean upon the gunwale till it met the water's brim.
Never did he seem to worry lest the craft should be upset—
There once was such a fellow—they are dragging for him yet.

There was once a genial party who set out upon a shelf
Beer and wine and gin and whisky, all of which he made himself.
And when thirst descended on him he would lift the brimming cup—
A proceeding he continued till he drank the stock all up.
"Liquor's liquor," he would chuckle as he served some to a guest—
There once was such a party, but they've laid him to his rest.

There was once a portly person who was wont to stow away
Oysters, soup and fish and beefsteak for his luncheon every day.
He would do the same at dinner, and at twelve o'clock at night,
He would stop in at a dance hall for a little added bite;
But at forty-five or fifty he had eaten all he could—
And the handsome floral tribute didn't do him any good!

—*James J. Montague.*

ACROSTIC

(Sesqui-Centennial of the Marine Corps, 1775-1925)

The Flag, conceived in dim-lit haze,
Holds high, these wonder-working days,
Each heart that, throbbing near or far,
Loves every stripe and every star.
E'en renders of the Future's veil
And bearers of her secrets fail
To pierce the Majesty that holds
Her faith beneath Old Glory's folds.
E'en prophets who, like you and me,
Revere the land that's brave and free,
No vision of her might can form—
Exact in peace, but strong in storm,
Can you and I, with hearts aglow,
Knowing these men of long ago,
Do more than hope to emulate
Their ever grand and heroic trait!

Can't study in the fall,
Gotta play football.
Can't study in the winter,
Gotta play basketball.
Can't study in the spring,
Gotta play baseball.
Can't study in the summer,
Gotta girl.

—*Annapolis Log.*

WHY—UNCLE SAM?

In the war of 1812 between this country and Great Britain, Robert Anderson, of New York, purchased in Troy, N. Y., a large amount of pork for the American Navy. It was inspected by Samuel Wilson, who was popularly known as "Uncle Sam." The barrels of pork were marked "E. A. U. S.," the lettering being done by a facetious employee of M. Wilson. When asked by fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark, for the letters U. S. for United States were then almost entirely new to them, he said: "He did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," alluding to Uncle Sam Wilson. The joke took among the workmen and passed currently, and "Uncle Sam" himself being present was occasionally rallied on the increasing extent of his possessions. Soon the incident appeared in print, and the joke gained favor rapidly till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of the country, and will, no doubt, continue so while the United States remains a nation.

Who Knows?

For three years he had been working steadily in the library. Week after week, day after day—at any moment he could be found there, deeply engrossed, poring over and devouring volume after volume. He almost drove the history professors mad—he was trying to find out—

What the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina!

—*De Pauw Yellow Crab.*

SING TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

In a recent divorce case indignant hubby tells court wifie used to sing "Kiss Me Again" and "Ukulele Lady" to him. She got her alimony and now she sings "Everything Is Hotsy-Totsy Now."

* * *

Hubby reiterates with "What'll I Do" and "My Sweetie Turned Me Down." Judge sings "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses" and wifie's attorney bellers "Ain't We Got Fun."

* * *

Then the spectators in the court room pipe up with "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

* * *

Which all goes to show that song is no asset. The kitty sits on the alley fence and sings loudly to her mate and what does she get? She gets socked.

* * *

Wine, women and song are the ruination of man. Why not cut out singing? Wine is no more. Women, you can't get rid of 'em. But song—everyone can quit singing. Everyone ought to.

* * *

Then there is the tenor who insists on singing "At Dawning." Well, that can all be summed up in the fact that when the Creator gave a man a tenor voice he took away his brains.

* * *

So if you would keep that schoolgirl complexion refrain from stentorian warbling and rattle-trap cacophony. If you must sing, go out in the woods and sing to the little birdies.

* * *

You can sing a song of six pence, but don't get caught with a pocket full of rye.

DRESS CAP



The football season is over and the night clubs are getting all the business. Have you done your Xmas Shopping yet? If not, why not? Now to be Dress Cap you retort: "I'll bite, why?"



Another fad of the cake-eaters along Broadway, N. Y., and Eff street, Washington, is slave bracelets. They are little chain affairs that fit around the wrist. Post Exes carry them with emblems on.



We've been reading a book called "Imperturbe" recently. It's a darb, and we don't mean somewhich. Apologies to "Underneath the Bough."



Alma Mater, by the way, is "Dress Cap" for the Marine Corps Institute. Oh, Yawse, it's a College, now, y'know.



You are not "Dress Cap" nowadays unless you have a sheepskin from the Alma Mater. And you are not "Dress Cap" if you refer to your sheepskin as a diploma.



Leatherneck, Jr., takes advantage of this opportunity to wish you all a Merry, Merry Christmas.

Leatherneck Jr.

STUCK IN THE MUD

THE ADVENTURES OF A MODEST SHAVETAIL AND HIS GOOD SHIP "BLACK DEVIL"

By A. KELLY FIELD, *2nd Lieutenant*

(U. S. Air Services Magazine)

(Illustrations by Thomas N. Metcalf)

On Tuesday, the 19th of ——, in the year of our Lord 1919, there strode into the Flying Office a tall and handsome man.

As we leaped from our seats and lit on our feet we observed that upon his shoulders were the bars of a captain, and that on his manly bosom stuck the wings of a flyer. With him was a major, who explained that the captain was an inspector of flying fields from Washington, and that he desired a ship to make a cross-country trip to the Gulf of Mexico, there to visit some friends on whose ranch he expected to indulge in wassail and debauch. Said ranch was located immediately contiguous and in juxtaposition to the gulf—in fact, it abutted on the puddle.



THERE STRODE INTO THE FLYING OFFICE A TALL AND HANDSOME MAN

We gave him a fast, powerful ship, graced with an Hispano-Suiza motor, assigned him a mechanic, and he started. Blithely we went about our business, ate our frugal evening meal, smoked our matutinal or post-prandial or whatever-you-call-it stogie, slept without worrying and were flying happily next morning when there came a telephone call. The substance of the call was that the captain had thoughtlessly landed on his back in a mud puddle, and being in a hurry, could not wait for the ship to be fixed, so would come back by train. The message made it clear that landing on his back was a pure oversight on his part, but that another pilot would be compelled to fly back the ship.

Thereupon our major assigned Lieutenant Sweeley, a flyer who has been my partner in crime on several juicy occasions, and myself, to go down and haul the ship out of the ooze. We tied on our ship a new propeller, a rudder, and divers other impedimenta wherewith to resuscitate the defunct bus and strive to make an airplane out of a mud-scow, and started on our 200-mile jaunt to the gulf. We were intrusted with what we affectionately call the "Black Devil"—a wonderful ship, painted dead black, with the most powerful Hispano engine on the field. It was—I use the past tense advisedly—the pride of the field and the best ship in Texas.

We landed a hundred miles on at a town to secure some gas to satisfy the innards of our ship, got it O.K., and took off. At the end of the field was a reservoir which looked as big as a city block. A minute later it looked so big it made the Pacific Ocean seem like a dewdrop.

We were directly over this pool of aqueous liquidity when our engine remarked "Blooey" in a highly hysterical manner, and the left bank of cylinders went on strike. We were in a state of altitudinosity approximating twelve feet six inches at the time. Sweeley, who was navigating, nosed the ship down without perceptible delay, and made for the nearest bank, it being considered poor form to land in the water. By darn good piloting he made it, and we lit in some weeds. There was a deal of flourishing foliage thereabouts. Measurements proved that the flora and fauna were as high as the top of a Dodge car. To make matters worse, our propeller had not quit whirling quick enough and had ruined itself on these young trees.

As I brightly remarked at this time, "Well here we are." Sweeley agreed, embellishing my terse remark with various scintillating, crackling expressions. He is an artist in speech, his conversation full of profuseness, expansiveness and irreverent proclivities.

Without dragging in the horrible details I will pass on with the brief mention of the fact that we finally secured two army trucks and a Dodge to haul us out, after indulging in a three-hour workout tearing down two fences and bridging a young river with planks. Then we waded through said brooklet, guiding our plane over the planks we had so laboriously laid. All this was accomplished at the expense of bloody perspiration and much popping of the optics, and finally landed us in a pretty fair field. We had that bad propeller, and were afraid that its lack of balance would cause it to wabble off of the crankshaft when it got going. These "props" wiggle around eighteen hundred revolutions per minute, which means that our damaged end travels thirty-nine miles per minute, and a diminutive microbe on one end will cause the ship to shimmy with vim and vigor, all the wires joining the dance and the struts doing the hootchy-kootchy in a highly vulgar manner. However, we decided to chance it and make Austwell, our destination, or bust—emphasis being on the bust. So up we cranked and off we took.

Immediately there was brought to our attention a slight error in our hasty observation of the field. It proved that in a clump of high weeds at the moment were reposing peacefully a cow, two pigs and a sheep. The sheep awoke from his slumber and set off on a course contrary to ours. His mouth was indignantly open, and he collided with us. "Ba-a-a!" No sheep. We proceeded without pausing to hold an inquest over the leg of mutton.

The prop laid down and would not work. Our ship was capable of climbing around eight hundred feet a minute, but in fifteen miles it only got two thousand. The motor was getting so hot that the people on the ground were looking around for a fire, and despite the fact that the engine was throttled our ship vibrated so badly that our Adam's Apples are still sliding up and down. Twenty-five miles from our destination, staggering around like a crippled duck, we hove in sight of water, as far as the eye could see. That twenty-five miles we flew with a red hot motor and a broken prop, nothing dryer than a six-foot swamp in sight to land in. We united in prayer and made it, sinking in a swamp near the wrecked ship with the engine thermometer recorder out of sight and the steam from the engine whistling "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink!"

We surveyed the wreck in company with the disgusted mechanic who had accompanied the captain, and finally sloshed through the muck to a man who owned a tractor, which we hired to pull the cracked-up temporary mud-hen into a field that showed some slight intention of drying up within the next month. Our next find was a team of mules, with which we hauled the crate right side up again. Once again we tore down fences and helped the machine percolate through the slime. That country was well saturated with aqua pura.

(Continued on Next Page)

We went to the biggest, best, most elegantly appointed hostelry in town—in fact the only one—and the pride of Sinktown-on-the-Swamp. As we absorbed some nutriment, plain food, but undoubtedly healthy, we decided to put the prop we had carried down on our ship, ours being deceased, fly back to Kelly Field and come back again with a new one for the wreck. We slew hoards of mosquitoes on the verandah for another hour and returned.

We took off next morning and nearly scared a couple of telephone wires to death. The field was small and we never would have made it with anything but that black ship. We reached Kelly without particular incident, got another prop and reported to the major.

"Get a bite to eat and beat it back," was the substance of his remarks.

Having already bitten, we beat it back. Forty miles from the field we hit a downpour of rain and climbed up above it. We navigated by compass above the clouds for twenty miles. This was bad stuff—no land marks to go by and no way of judging winddrift. Then to our anguished ears came a wail from the engine, and that same left bank called it a day. It protracted debate to decide that an immediate descent was necessary. We burst from the clouds like a black comet, and before our astonished eyes, spread a vast and trackless area of mosquito wilderness, with one field in sight, decorated by a shack. We made for that, Sweeley having the stick, and hit it O.K. He was busily engaged in making a good landing when a hidden stump took a fancy to one of our wheels and inveigled it away from us. In another instant we hit a ditch hidden by weeds, and our landing gear left us without a word of warning. Our radiator turned into a plow. We tipped over on the Black Devil's nose. I shinnied up the tail and my weight caused it to gracefully descend.

Sweeley cussed with a wealth of picturesque diction and masterly metaphore which aroused my profound admiration, bringing his noble effort to a close with the words, "My first wreck, — — —!"

I leisurely surveyed two broken wings, the place where the landing gear was accustomed to hang when at home, a stove-in radiator and the remains of a once mighty motor upon which was tastefully draped the splinters of the propeller, and admitted, practically as follows, viz., to wit, *i. e.*, "The fundamental premise or foundation of your remarks appears to be well taken."

There popped from out of the shack, like seeds squeezed from a bursting lemon, a wild-eyed man, followed by his hysterical spouse and a bevy of Eve's offspring. In his right hand father carried a pail of water, in his left a bottle of liniment, and he picked up his feet and laid them down again right speedily in our direction. We were smoking when he arrived, so he had no first aid to perform. He vouchsafed that there was a broad place in the road three miles away named Whitsett. He kindly cranked up his flivver and carried us there. Whitsett consisted of a seedy general store, immediately across the road from a tin garage which housed the jitney of the storekeeper. It was rumored about that three miles away was another house, but this we could not verify. The only train passed through the town at 2.00 A. M., without hesitating unless some one stood on the track and waved at it.

We phoned the major from the store, and he, being a good fellow, only said:

"Never mind the wreck. Was anybody hurt?"

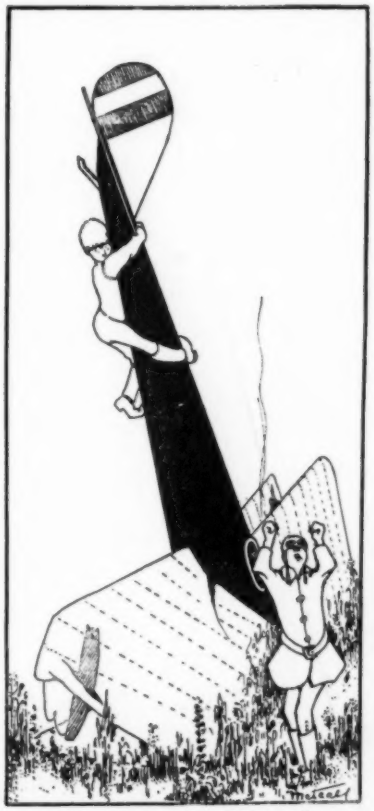
"No, sir."

"That's fine. I'll send my Cadillac down after you and a truck and trailer for the ship."

"We can't tell you how sorry we are—cracking up the black 'H,'"—began Sweeley, when the major cut in.

"It's all right. You did your best. Stick with it until the cars come."

We sat around on empty gasoline drums in front of that store for three solid hours, discouraged, down-hearted, disgusted and depressed. When our stomachs commenced to cling to our backbones we simmered into the store seeking sardines wherewith to feed the inner man. The storekeeper opined that he reckoned the women folks could fit us out with some nourishment, ushered us into the back room, and upon our greedy eyes burst in splendor a banquet fit for a king. It was served by the merchant's sister, daughter and wife. Sweeley and his silent partner laid themselves out to entertain the crowd in payment for the dinner. We thought of all the Farmers' Almanacs we had ever read, sprung the whiskered jokes, and got by nicely. We had the pleasure of sending the daughter into hysterics—whether from laughter or nervous strain we never were able to ascertain—but that wasn't surprising. We knew the jokes were good. We had kicked the slats out of our cradles ourselves the first time we heard them.



"I SHINNIED UP THE TAIL"

During the stuffing process our host casually announced that the trucks would be compelled to cross a bridge on the way to Whitsett that had been condemned by the county and would not hold a truck.

As we smoked without the portals of the temple of trade, a little dog wandered along, with his head just about half eaten away with worms. We procured the storekeeper's shotgun, shot the dog, buried him a little way from town, cleaned the gun, climbed into the then waiting Buick, and hied ourselves down the pike toward the bridge. We drove through nine miles of Texas as the Wild West-Deadwood Dick-Terror or Gopher Gulch books picture it—saw two rattlers in the road, heard the coyotes yelp, and had to stop constantly to chase steers, bulls, cows and calves out of our road. Well, we sat on the bridge at midnight. At 1 A. M. we still sat in the same neighborhood, vicinity and topographical location, awaiting the cars. At 8 o'clock we were sleeping there on the side of the road like two babes in the wood, covered by our leather coats and large white lumps induced by the aforementioned cooties on flying status. The storekeeper gathered his family at the window to look at us, and then woke us up for breakfast.

Wearily we washed, and more cheerfully we imbibed breakfast, following this pleasing operation by hitting the road for the ship, three miles away.

Around 10.30 the Cadillac arrived, and in turning into the field broke its steering knuckle, or something, against a stump. We were past worrying then, however, about anything.

The next morning proved to be Sunday, and in another ship—an old-reliable Curtiss—we started once more for Gootown-on-the-Gulf.

How I ever got off the ground I don't know. I kept rocking the ship to try and get the wheels out of the mud, and finally stalled it off the ground at the slowest speed a ship has ever traveled, I believe. I broke every known rule of flying, and many times could feel myself slipping down the balustrade of life into the ash-can of eternity. I hit my tail skid—poor, bruised servant—on the edge of the building. I was much surprised. At the time I thought the whole ship was going to hit it. I broke the long-suffering thing, anyhow.

That prop vibrated terrifically, but I finally found the field where Sweeley had taken off the day before, and reckoned I'd land there to let the mechanic get in. Holding my left ear fearfully, I essayed a tail-high landing to save my tail surfaces. The ship was well trained by this time, and we did it in passable manner. The mud was less than six inches deep there, so I didn't have such a hard job. I reached the fence, opposite the only place where navigation was open and the mechanic could get in, and soon he came piling up in a flivver. I knew there must be something wrong. It wasn't possible that we could even try to take off twice in succession without fixing something. My judgment was excellent. The nails so lovingly driven in the prop but a few short, eventful moments before were stretching their sleepy heads and had risen from the resting places we had hoped would be their happy homes until we reached Kelly. With the broad end of an axe we knocked them in place, and took off. About ten feet from the fence the old bus lifted off the water, we zoomed the fence with what little speed

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FIRST AVIATION GROUP - - - - SIDELIGHTS

THE ERECTION DEPARTMENT

The erection shop is, essentially, one of the most important departments to a flying field, for it is there that the new planes are built and rigged and the damaged craft are repaired and overhauled; it is there that engineering problems are thrashed out and new ideas for the advancement of aviation are actually given a trial and put into practical use. Our erection department at this field is a distinctive organization, composed of the main erecting shop and its subsidiaries, the carpenter shop, welding, propeller, fabric, painting and decorating departments and other less important branches, all of which constitute the construction and repair departments of the First Aviation Group. Each shop, or department, is managed by a non-commissioned officer, who is held responsible for its efficiency and production, while the entire system is directed by First Lieut. I. W. Miller, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with the degree of aeronautical engineer, and an engineering officer of whose success and capabilities too much could not be said. Lieutenant Miller is ably assisted by Quartermaster Sergeant Mix and First Sergeant Gould, enlisted men of established reputations.

Now let us investigate the methods used and the steps necessary in the construction and repair of aeroplanes. We shall use for an example a major overhaul "job," or a wrecked plane, which is brought to the shop and, after an investigation, it is decided that it shall be rebuilt. This procedure requires that the entire plane be virtually torn down, putting in new struts and framework here, repairing broken fittings there, installing, if necessary, a "fresh" motor, covering the structure with new fabric, painting and decorating, alignment, inspection and testing. All this would seem to be a big task, as such it is, but these skilled mechanics, these *Marines*, in whose care this work is entrusted, proceed with that knowledge and business-like efficiency which, indeed, lends the appearance that there is nothing in the least remarkable about it.

The carpenters, or, rather, cabinetmakers, under the supervision of Gunnery Sergeant (Chic) Reynolds, repair the damaged wooden parts of the fuselage, wing panels, etc., and, if necessary, construct an entire new framework. They are equipped to build DH's, Martin Bombers, Voughts, and at present are completing a photographic ship of a distinct type. These carpenters learned their trades at the Great Lakes School, and are now developing into expert cabinetmakers.

Corporal Royal, a skilful workman at his trade, has charge of all propeller work, and it is a job which requires infinite care in the examining, repairing and testing of these "props." If it is found that a propeller is chipped or splintered, these parts are replaced without weakening the member, and with such skill the repaired portion can be detected only by the closest scrutiny. Lastly, the propeller must be perfectly balanced and aligned to prevent vibration and "fluttering" while revolving. The reason for this is obvious, as this vibration would result in a loss of effectiveness, a probable springing of leaks in the radiator, and if allowed to continue in this condition would ultimately loosen the motor from its bed and disaster would occur. So the importance of this man's skill and reliability can readily be accepted.

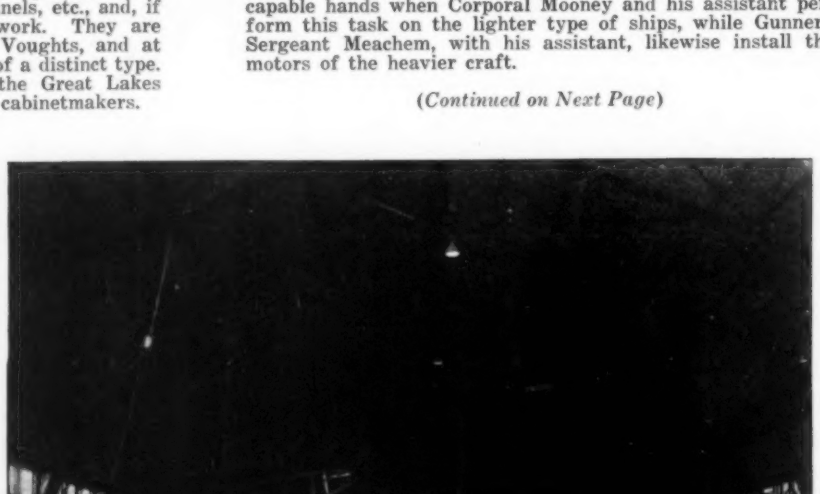
As some of the newer ships—we shall suggest the new type DH, known as O2B1's—are of steel structure, where wood was formerly used, the repair to these damaged parts is effected by electric welding, a comparatively new as well as difficult art. This phase of the work is accomplished by First Sergeant Zalanka, an expert welder, who learned his profession through a course of instruction at the Boeing Aircraft Corporation, Seattle, Wash. Electric welding demands the utmost delicacy in the handling of the torch and in producing the proper arc, the heat being regulated by the size of the arc. Sergeant Zalanka is now training his assistants to become as proficient as he in this delicate craftsmanship.

The proper wiring is, obviously, another important factor to be considered in the building of planes. These support and control wires are of the finest material and are inspected with meticulous care for defects, such as rust, frays, breaks in the strands and unusual wear from passing through pulleys. If found that replacements should be made, these wires must first be spliced to turnbuckles, to permit of a proper regulation of tension. All of this splicing is a job for one man. Private Perschau, whose satisfactory and faithful work is typical of the spirit of the men in aviation.

After the various sections of the disassembled plane are overhauled and repaired, the task of assembling and re-rigging is begun. Gunnery Sergeant George, a man of extensive experience, is the supervisor of this part of the operations, and, with his crew of about eight other riggers, soon has an aeroplane ready for its fabric and paint and the installation of its power plant. This imposing skeleton is now covered with a fabric of the finest material; the fabric is "doped" with a solution which waterproofs it and resists the action of the elements. After the "dope" has dried sufficiently, the paint is applied, and the insignia and numerals are brought out in bold relief. Fabric work, "doping" and painting, is not a job for the novice, but requires training and untiring practice, and Sergeant Shaw, Corporals League, Gerber and Greer have done very commendable work in handling these departments.

And now, after the final rigging and aligning, the ship is to receive its motor. The installation of motors in new planes, as well as in those overhauled, is of great consequence, for the motor is the soul of the aeroplane, and must be given the most exacting attention; the fuel and oil lines must be connected with expert care, and no item can be overlooked, for in the proper functioning of the motor lies the safety of the pilot. This work, then, you may assume, is in thoroughly capable hands when Corporal Mooney and his assistant perform this task on the lighter type of ships, while Gunnery Sergeant Meachem, with his assistant, likewise install the motors of the heavier craft.

(*Continued on Next Page*)



FORGOTTEN FIGHT WON BY MARINES

Fred Folker Tells of Hard Lambasting Given to Coreans in Those Good Old Sailing Days. Now He Looks Out for Dynamos and Motors in Broadway Building at the Age of 75

By JOSEPH S. JORDAN

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Fred Folker is boss plumber, pipe and steamfitter of the Postal Telegraph Building in Broadway, across from the City Hall. All day he holds sway in the basement, a couple of floors below the sidewalk, among the dynamos and motors furnishing power for the electric instruments which tick off messages over cities, plains and mountains for the wide stretch of the continent and carry them for thousands of miles under the Atlantic to the rest of the world beyond the seas.

Fred is 75, but spry as a sailor among the machinery of his subterranean home. When the dynamos are throbbing peacefully and the motors are humming, he sits in his office and reads his paper. He has been reading The World and Evening World since the name of Pulitzer has adorned their mastheads; and the other day the story of Uncle Sam's Marines in The Evening World caught his eye, and he followed through the narrative of Martin Green with avidity. For Fred wasn't always a boss plumber and a steamfitter. He was a Marine in the old Navy from 1869 to 1873, and his eyes danced as he read of the doings of the devil-dogs on land and sea.

One Victory Overlooked

"There's one engagement that Mr. Green's forgot," he cried as he laid the paper down, and his eyes twinkled and smiles wreathed his lips as he pursed up his shoulders. "He didn't say anything about the Asiatic squadron licking the Corean pirates in 1870. Was I there? Well, yes, and a lot more of us. I was a Marine on the wooden frigate *Colorado* when she sailed out of the Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1869 for China—the day they sank the wooden caissons for the Brooklyn Bridge.

"We made the trip to the Far East alone, and picked up the rest of the squadron in Hongkong. We were the flagship and flew the flag of Admiral John Rodgers, and Captain Baldwin was in command. He was the Fleet Captain. Lieutenants Schley and Melville—you know, they were Admirals later—were officers, and Captain Casey was the Executive Officer.

"Those were the days of steam and sail, and the *Colorado* was a full-rigged ship. We sailed from New York all the way to Brazil; and a sailor had to be a sailor, know how to reef and steer, box the compass, and tramp around the capstan hauling up the anchor. Oh, yes, the sailor boys of that day sang their chanteys like the lads on the Britishers. We made the Orient by way of Cape Town and the Indian Ocean. Tales of piracy and worse on the part of the Coreans had reached Washington, and the Asiatic squadron was ordered over there to put them out of business.

"We had about seven ships. I remember the gunboat *Monocacy*, a sidewheel steamer for the shallow waters on the Chinese and Corean coasts, and there was the *Yang Tse* and the *Nipsic*. Under Admiral Rodgers we went to Corea and laid siege to Seoul. The pirates had four forts, and we stormed them. The *Colorado* had 36 nine-inch guns on her gun deck, and eight similar guns on her spar deck. They were all smooth bore, for we had no rifles at that time.

"We didn't use these guns in our fight. We took three-inch howitzers ashore in small boats, and the Marines and the bluejackets were armed with Springfield rifles. Those Coreans had never heard of American sailors and devil-dogs, and had the nerve to come out and fight us, hand to hand, after we smashed down the walls of their forts with our howitzers. The walls were only about six inches thick, but they thought that they were as solid as the Great Wall of China. Oh, ho, what we did to those walls, and then what we did to those Coreans!

"We were in fighting mood, filled with the stories of their murders of shipwrecked Americans; and then they pelted us with their big guns—they thought they were big—while we were rowing ashore. Down went those forts one after another, and we killed a lot of Coreans with our howitzers. There were heaps of dead bodies behind the walls. The soldiers wore white suits and long white hats. We didn't know it, but their uniforms were bullet-proof, and knife-proof, too, but not bayonet-proof, which they soon found out. The suits consisted of layers and layers of linen cloth wrapped around their bodies. We lost our Lieutenant McDonald, a fine fellow, just as the last fort surrendered. We took every flag, and they're all still in a glass case at Washington.

"Former Secretary of State Seward under Lincoln joined us when we got back to Hongkong, and I was his bodyguard up the river to Peking, the Chinese capital, where we went for a visit. After his return to Hongkong he made a trip around the world. We went down to Yokohama, and while there got caught in a typhoon. Then was the time we needed sailors to go aloft and furl and reef while the ship was swinging like a pendulum in my grandfather's clock. It seems to me that the typhoons were worse out there in those days, but perhaps we weren't as well prepared to fight them.

Big Ships Smashed

"The *Colorado* came through the storm all right, but what a sight the harbor was when it was all over! Little boats in the bay had been picked up bodily and heaved ashore by the wind and waves. Big ships, too, were smashed, and the loss of life was terrible. One ship that was lost was the mail steamer *America*, in from San Francisco. In the middle of the typhoon she caught fire to add to her troubles, and boats were launched over the side, only to be smashed. I don't remember how many of the brave lads got away, but there was an awful lot that didn't."

Mr. Folker arrived here from Germany when six years old, and his home has always been New York. For 40 years he has lived in Woodhaven, L. I. He's an old eastsider, having grown up before Governor Smith and Mayor Jimmie Walker. But he knew Bill Tweed when he was "Boss," foreman of Engine No. 6, and leader of the old Seventh Ward. He says he's through with being a Marine, but never gets tired of talking and reading about them.

Before a plane is tested in the air, and even throughout the entire course of construction and assembly, it is rigidly inspected and passed on by one whose competency is unquestionable. This responsibility falls on the shoulders of Quartermaster Sergeant Mix, a man of many years' experience with the numerous types of planes, motors and accessories. After the final inspection, if found to be satisfactory in every detail, the ship is ready for a test flight and is turned over to our Chief Test Pilot, First Lieut. C. F. Schilt, a very skilful flier and possessed of an uncanny sense in the detection of flaws. When Lieutenant Schilt places his O. K. on the ship and it is sent to the field for general usage, we never venture a doubt but that it will render satisfactory service.

At this period it may be of interest to mention a few other no less important branches of the erection shop. The structural parts shop has as its custodian a tireless worker in Private Fuller, who, by cleaning and painting reclaimed parts from salvaged craft and storing such parts for future use, is performing a task which, though tedious and perhaps monotonous, nevertheless requires precision and judgment. As in most shops, there must, of necessity, be a storeroom for tools and parts, the erection shop is no exception; in fact, this particular department of stores and tools would present a picture of chaos and despair to the uninitiated; but such is not the case with Corporal Justice Little, the keeper, between whose name and his physical dimensions there is no existing analogy. This man handles his duties with a zeal and quiet efficiency that entitle him to well-earned credit. Private Stille, the clerk of the erection shop, is also the draftsman. This young man had sufficient foresight to see the advantages to be derived from a course of drafting and architectural drawing offered by the Marine Corps Institute, and is now being benefited immensely by having enrolled. When found that a "special" part must be made by some other shop, Private Stille soon has a blueprint showing the exact dimensions of the part to be made.

As can be readily seen, there are many steps in the production of an aeroplane turned out ready for use. Coupled with an unlimited expenditure of highly-skilled labor, a vast amount of technical knowledge and aeronautical engineering are prerequisites to the successful operation and maintenance of aircraft under any circumstances. Aviation, it is only too apparent, is a fast-growing institution, and will in a very, very short period of time take its proper place in commerce, even as in war, and the Marine Corps continues to produce its quota of highly-trained technicians—"Semper Fidelis."

The Leatherneck

Published in the interest of the Marine Corps, the Marine Corps Institute and the Marine Corps League. It has a world-wide, paid-in-advance subscription list, including every post and station where Marines are on duty, every detachment of the Marine Corps League, every capital ship in the U. S. Navy and every consular office in Latin America, as well as thousands of ex-Marines and relatives of Marines.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 10, 1925

YOUR MAGAZINE

Whose magazine are you reading? If you are reading your Buddie's copy, but have subscribed for a friend in civil life, we are proud to have you as a reader. We want you to read your magazine even if you have to borrow it. But we hope that every Leatherneck will subscribe for himself or for a friend.

It is a habit of newspaper men and advertising organizations to pick their own bouquets. We have been told by the personnel of other magazines that THE LEATHERNECK looks almost as good as their own. It is impossible for us to agree with them, for they are stubborn in their belief that theirs is the best, while we are but certain that our publication is superior.

One of our post representatives writes that "there is too much reading of Buddie's copy." The reader who does this is the man to whom this paragraph is devoted. Let him subscribe for his sweetheart or for one of his relatives. The "folks back home" want to know what we are doing with our lives, we who belong to the finest military organization in the world. They are on the "outside" and are unable to borrow copies.

A well-known colonel subscribed in December, 1924, when we were swamped with subscriptions in response to our advertisement, "You'll want to kick yourself if you pass up this chance." Due to our delay in getting his subscription started he wrote us "I am now kicking myself because I accepted your offer." We apologized for the delay, explaining that the trouble was caused by our receiving 1,200 subscriptions in one mail. This year we received his renewal.

Do you remember "Ces Femmes," by IG., in the issue of November 10th? Her father, a captain of Marines, was killed in Santo Domingo a few years ago. She wrote us: "When I look back and see the improvement which has been made in the past year I can hardly believe the truth." By the way, let us know what you think of her cartoons and articles in the current issue.

We are proud of such friends, who stick with us through thick and thin.

It is said that during the Revolution a captain of Continentals recruited throughout a whole state and obtained only one recruit. That one recruit, added to the number George Washington already had, who stuck with him, sans clothes, sans food, and with rivers to cross that seemed beyond human endeavor, won our independence. THE LEATHERNECK places almost the same value on its recruits.

Kindly gaze at THE LEATHERNECK in our office mirror. We were deeply hurt and shocked a few days ago to find that a ranking officer was advocating a "Marine Corps magazine," saying, "The Army and Navy have their magazines, and the *esprit de corps* of the Marine Corps demands that we have our own magazine."

We don't believe we have been kidding ourselves, and we know that THE LEATHERNECK has more readers in the Corps than any other magazine. It is true that our specific purpose is not to furnish the Marine Corps with a magazine. *Our mission is to promote education!* There is no higher purpose than that. In order to accomplish this we have made the Marine Corps the center of the editorial content. Printing editorial matter that is mainly educational propaganda would automatically defeat our purpose; for just as you cannot force a horse to drink after you have led him to water, you cannot force a man to read. For that reason we desire to make our columns interesting to *all* readers.

If we can please you by a constructive change in our editorial policy let us know. We shall be glad to give you what you want.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford,
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

Yorktown, reminiscent of the wondrous days, has its old Custom House, carrying the notification to all who pass that way that this is the "1st Custom House in America—1715," and that it was then the "Port of Entry for New York, Philadelphia and Northern cities." The first house erected in Yorktown, in 1699, is still on view, and gazed at with wondering eyes by the crowds who visit this historical spot.

Not far away from the town is the Naval Mine Depot, which during the late war was of great value to the Fleet, and it is there that today, under the command of Capt. Earl H. Jenkins, are to be found a Marine Guard of quality equal to anything that made the old days famous. First Sergt. William Sibert, who during his 28 years of service has enjoyed splendid health and never has missed a meal, is closely followed by Sergt. C. M. Coombs, glorying in a 27-year record. Then come Sergeants Pelaum, with 20 years, and Little, who 12 years ago became a recruit. No person could fail to see the Mess Sergeant and Cook when visiting the Post, for Atwood now weighs 298 pounds, and is still going up.

St. Juliens Creek has C. R. Butt as first sergeant. The last four years Butt has spent in China, and already he is quite at home in his new post. It is nine years since he left South Boston to enter the service, none of which he regrets. The Mess Sergeant and Cook is A. Jacobson, who is able to give every satisfaction to the crowd to whom he caters.

Corporal J. A. Dugas, of Yorktown, has spent 25 months at the Post. His discharge was due while I was there on my last visit, and although he had applied for the Reserve, he was still in a hesitating mood between leaving or shipping over. Dugas is known by many of his friends as "Harold Lloyd," owing to his strong resemblance to the popular movie actor.

Captain Taylor, of the U. S. S. *Arkansas*, declares that his detachment is the snappiest, best-drilled, finest-appearing and most-contented Guard to be found in the Fleet. A moving picture of the men recently taken certainly shows them in the highest class, and they deserve congratulations.

William H. Troemel, who now resides at Lansford, Pa., drove by auto 125 miles to be present at the 150th anniversary in Philadelphia, and, with his wife, thoroughly enjoyed again being able to meet with old comrades at the big reunion.

When Sergeant-Major Thorpe makes up his mind to do a thing, it gets done, and, therefore, when it was felt that Brooklyn should form a detachment of the Marine Corps League, Thorpe got busy, and latest news gives promise of the largest detachment in the country. New York, the old No. 1, is not intending to let the youngsters of Brooklyn get far ahead, and I predict a real fight for the supremacy between the two.

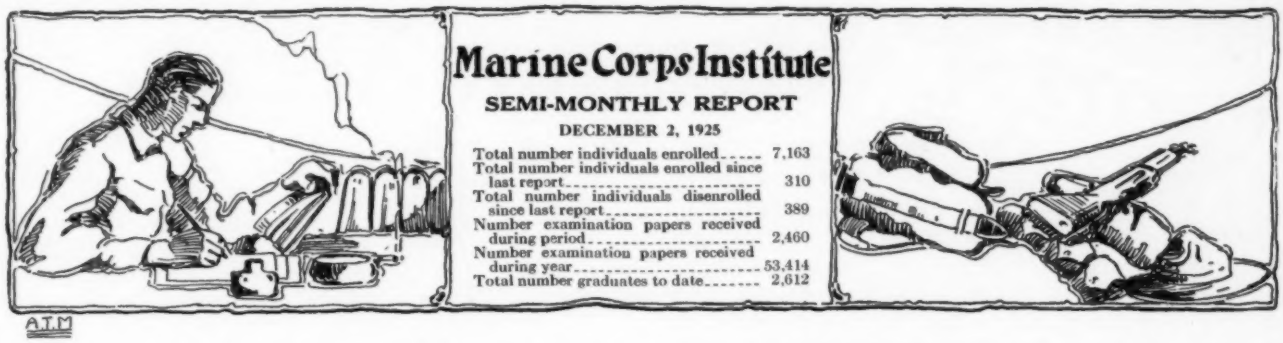
Philadelphia also declares for a big new detachment at an early date, while John Seymour, of Norfolk, has made up his mind for the same thing. It's very evident that a big move is being made throughout the land, and by November, 1926, the largest gathering of veteran Marines ever seen will simply swamp Cleveland.

After two years on the staff of THE LEATHERNECK Corporal Ray Nolan has been attached to the office of the Commandant, and if Nolan does his work as he has done in the position of Feature Editor of our favorite magazine, no one will ever have cause to regret his appointment to the new important work. We know that his thoughts will still work out for special contributions for our readers.

WANTED

French Instructor, for the Marine Corps Institute. Must have a good education and a thorough knowledge of French. Duty consists of grading French lesson papers. Communicate with

THE DIRECTOR,
MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE,
Washington, D. C.



This page is devoted to articles written for THE LEATHERNECK by prominent men

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

As an ex-Marine it is a pleasure to send, through "The Leatherneck," a message to the officers and men of the Corps. The opportunity to express to you my interest and affection is welcomed, you know the story, "once a Marine, always a Marine," and when you multiply once by twice it leaves a sentiment of affection and interest that cannot be displaced by any other sentiment in a life of many and varied interests.

For nineteen years, with the exception of a part of the war period, I have been endeavoring to prove that the four-square training of the Marine Corps is the most solid foundation and at the same time the best program in a world of competition. There was in the older day no Marine Corps Institute, as a consequence education for a profession, or business in my case, had to be gained after leaving the Corps. The same principles of loyalty and co-operation which make for success in the Corps, make also for success in business, provided you acquire a special fitness for some line of work.

It is not possible for the older generation to convey to the younger one any considerable amount of experience by word of mouth or pen. It has been said over and over, but is none the less true, that hard work and high principles are the greatest factors in the game of life. There is one other thought that I would add to this, and it is that the only success which makes for happiness and contentment is that success earned through hard work and high principles. There was never a better opportunity for the acquisition of real power in the work of the world than is today given by the Marine Corps Institute. Those who take advantage of this opportunity can add immensely to the safety of the Nation and their power as citizens.

W. P. Boyle

30th Dist. Pennsylvania.

NEVER BE ASHAMED OF BEING BACKWARD

But be ashamed to stay that way. MAIL THIS SLIP.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

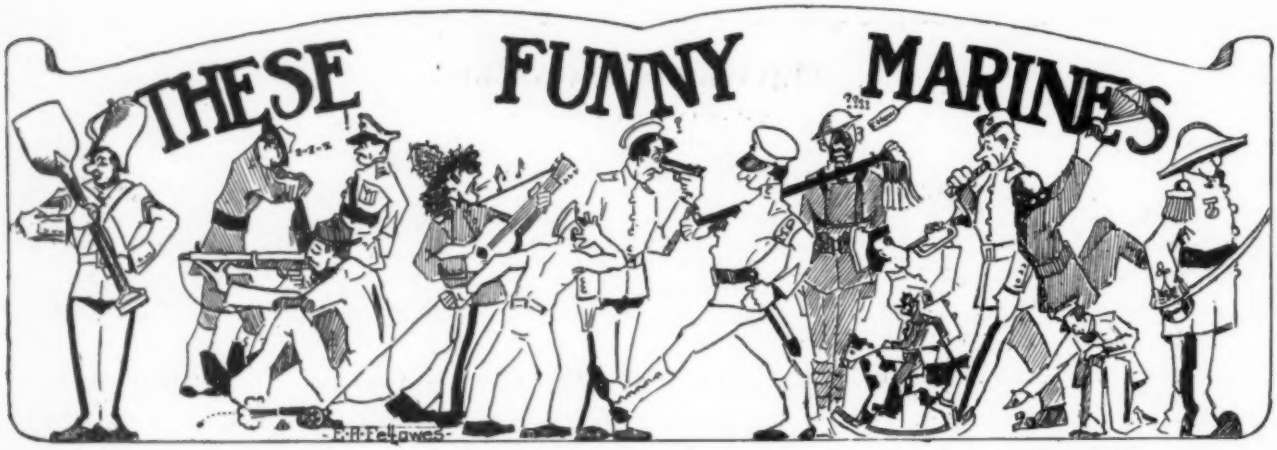
I have had only_____years of schooling. Enroll me in the course I need most. (Good English, or Common Branches, or High School Branches.)

Free to Marines only.

RANK AND NAME_____

ORGANIZATION_____

PLACE_____



Matrimonial Arithmetic

Said Ted to Tom, " 'Tis cheap to wed,
For two are one when people marry."
"I know," said Tom, "but look here, Ted,
There may be one or more to carry."
—*J. W.*



BOB: What is a shingle bob?

BOBBED: A chip off the back of the block?—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

Posted

TEACHER: Do you know that Washington was the first in war, the first in peace and—

PUPIL (eagerly): And first in the American League—yes, sir.

Puzzled Him

TEACHER: Gas is an invisible and intangible element; that is, it cannot be seen or felt.

JOHNNY: That's funny! I often hear pa say he stepped on it.



GERTIE GOLLUF: I made 72 holes this morning before breakfast.

NATTY NICKS: Great Scott, woman, you couldn't do it.

G. G.: Oh, yes, I baked doughnuts.—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

SMALL BOY (watching military drill): Daddy, why does that officer just count up to four?

MATH PROF.: If you saw him in my class, sonny, you'd understand.—*Missouri Outlaw.*

A Pair to Avoid

A wise man once said that there were two kinds of people he always steered clear of—fools and flatterers. The fools because they generally spent their time in flattering him, and the flatterers because they spent theirs chiefly in trying to fool him.

Cooler Weather at Hand

South End sign: "Ladies Ready to Wear Clothes."

The knot was tied, the pair was wed.
And I, the smiling bridegroom, said
Unto the preacher, "Shall I pay
To you the usual fee today?

"Or would you have me wait a year,
And then pay you three hundred clear,
If I should find the marriage state
As happy as I estimate?"

The preacher lost no time in thought;
Study, to him, no trouble brought;
There were no wrinkles on his brow;
He said, "I'll take three dollars now."
—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*

"You may not be bad," said Hattie to the tattooed man, "but you have evil designs."—*Utah Humbug.*



MARINES, MODELS 1900 AND 1925

When better ones are built, the Marine Corps will build them. The above shows the model Marine of 1925, and the more remote model of 1900. Both have the same spirit and fine workmanship with art in their design. The 1925 model is somewhat long and rakish, which is the fashion now. Trim lines are the vogue everywhere, you know. The other model of 1900 has seen some rigorous service, and is still going strong.

Both are constructed from the same raw materials, and are fashioned exclusively at Marine building factories. They are guaranteed to give service in anything from petty revolutions to wars, and they are tried and true.

And Washington the Mouth

Jack Hughes remarks that "Florida is the chin-whisker of the United States." This makes Massachusetts the brow, which, of course, is just what it is, the seat of the country's intellect.



STU: I hear you're an awful strong man.

PID: Yes, I get up every morning and pull up the river.

STU: Aw, that's nothing. I took an ax and cut down a tree this morning and then took another ax and chopped it up again.—*West Point Pointer.*

"And then, my dear, she wrote me the most insulting letter and I admit I was going to say something pretty nasty, but then I remembered that I was a lady so I just wrote, 'You go to Hell,' dignified-like at the bottom of her letter and sent it back to her."—*Goblin.*



DEL: I wonder why it is so expensive to go to Europe.

DON: Probably because the boats get docked every trip.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

JUDGE: "Sir, you are fined $10.00 for contempt of court."

MAN: "Judge, $10.00 won't express my contempt for your d— court; here is $20.00."—*W. Va. Moonshine.*

The girl was a knockout, so she married a boxer.—*Johns Hopkins Black & Blue Jay.*

DEAR EDITOR:

Won't you please tell me what cake-eaters and cookie-pushers are?—*Innocence.*

Answer: We are pained at your ignorance. However, they are synonyms.—*Rice Owl.*

Bobbed hair is getting to be an old glory: may it permanently wave.—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

"Sell it to the Marines!"

MR. ADVERTISER:

The only megaphone you can use that will carry your message to every Marine is THE LEATHERNECK. Unless your product is a good one and you use the truth, and nothing but the truth, you cannot use the megaphone.

The following statements are from Post Exchange officers of the Marine Corps. They illustrate the *esprit de corps* of Marines and the co-operation given THE LEATHERNECK, which makes this publication so valuable to the advertiser as a medium.

Post Exchange,
Marine Barracks, Navy Yard
Boston, Mass.

"Wishing you every success in your future work with THE LEATHERNECK, and congratulating you on your splendid work thus far."

JOHN C. MCQUEEN.

Post Exchange,
Marine Barracks, U. S. Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Md.

"I think that by helping THE LEATHERNECK we will help the whole Marine Corps."

F. D. KILGORE.

Post Exchange,
Marine Barracks, Naval Station
Guam, M. I.

"The Exchange attendants are taking subscriptions and furthering its interests (THE LEATHERNECK'S) as far as possible."

JOHN F. EVANS.

Post Exchange,
St. Croix, Virgin Islands

"Mail us ten copies weekly."

F. D. CRAMER.

Post Exchange,
Naval Air Station,
San Diego, Cal.

"The steward has been instructed to secure as many subscriptions as possible, especially at times when the command is paid."

JOHN F. TALBOT.

Post Exchange,
M. B., N. O. B.,
Key West, Fla.

"There is no doubt in my mind that THE LEATHERNECK is a Marine Corps activity for the benefit of all Marines. Assuring you of our support and congratulations on your practical ideas of improving THE LEATHERNECK."

C. N. MULDROW.

Post Exchange,
Marine Barracks, Submarine Base,
New London, Conn.

"We will enjoy THE LEATHERNECK here and are proud of having such a creditable magazine—everyone reads it."

MERRITT B. CURTIS.

Post Exchange,
Marine Barracks, Navy Yard,
Portsmouth, N. H.

"This exchange desires to co-operate with you in every way possible, and we already buy from most of the firms advertising in THE LEATHERNECK."

E. L. RUSSELL.

Post Exchange,
Marine Barracks,
Yorktown, Va.

"This exchange is glad to co-operate in any of the LEATHERNECK'S enterprises and do our part as much as we are able."

ROBERT C. ALLEN.

Post Exchange,
Marine Detachment, A. L.,
Peking, China.

"With reference to your letter of August 5th regarding patronization of firms who advertised in THE LEATHERNECK, can say that we are at present regular customers of all the firms which you mentioned. We shall be glad to maintain this business and to take up any other firms possible in order to co-operate for the advancement of THE LEATHERNECK."

J. M. MCHUGH.

Advertising rates:

Column inch	**$ 3.00**	**First cover**	**100.00**
Full page	**90.00**	**Second cover**	**100.00**
		Back cover	**110.00**

TELL it to the Marines

Sell It To Them Through The Megaphone, which carries your message to all Marines.

THE LEATHERNECK

Washington, D. C.

THE BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

NAVAL MANEUVERS TO BE ON SMALLER SCALE NEXT YEAR

Naval maneuvers on scales as extensive as those in Hawaiian waters this year and at Panama and in the Caribbean Sea in the several previous years will not be conducted next year.

Aside from the usual program of target practice and exercises, the maneuvers planned for next year are:

The Fleet, while based on Balboa in February and March, will engage in maneuvers, search and other exercises in the vicinity of the Pacific end of the Panama Canal, and the Army garrisons of the Canal Zone may participate to a limited extent in certain phases of the program. Admiral Robison discussed this matter with the commander of the Panama Canal Department during his recent transit of the canal on board the flagship *Seattle* en route to the east coast.

In general, the schedule for movements of components of the Fleet until June 30 next is as follows:

Battle Fleet to Participate

The Scouting Fleet, which has been at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, this fall, and which now is returning to home ports for the Christmas holidays, will leave on January 8 for Guantanamo, where the ships will conduct target practice and exercises until February 1. They then will leave for Panama, and after making the transit of the canal they are due to arrive at Balboa February 8. Three battleships, the light cruiser divisions, the destroyer squadrons and aircraft squadron of that Fleet, and the control force and the portion of the train in the Atlantic will be involved in these movements.

The Battle Fleet will remain based on San Pedro and San Diego, Calif., until February 1, when departure will be taken for Balboa. En route that Fleet will engage in tactical exercises, and some distance from Balboa it will be joined by the Scouting Fleet and the exercises continued at sea. The combined Fleet is due to arrive at Balboa on February 15, and thereafter the exercises and maneuvers for which a detailed program now is being arranged will be carried on until March 15. On that date the Battle Fleet will leave for the San Pedro-San Diego area, where it is due to arrive by April 1, and the Scouting Fleet will leave for Guantanamo, where it will remain until March 15, and thence proceed to some ports on the Atlantic coast.

WINTERING IN CUBA WITH THE FIRST SEPARATE BATTALION

The 150th birthday of the Marine Corps was commemorated by an athletic program, an excellent dinner and a smoker at night by the Marines at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Major Racicot opened the activities with the publication of letters from the President of the United States and the major general commandant of Marines on the glory of the Corps on its anniversary. Major Racicot closed his part of the program by outlining the events that had been prepared.

The volley ball team vanquished the team from the 24th Company at Fish Point in a series of hard fought games.

First Sergeant Roos had a tug-o-war team picked who pulled the Fish Pointers over the lot with no trouble at all. Then came the dinner, after which the Separate Battalion again trimmed the Fish Pointers in baseball.

Captain King and Stafford starred in the ball game.

First Sergeant Chase, band leader, started the ball rolling at the evening smoker with a series of patriotic pieces, after which Pop Huntley's barnstormers entertained the crowds while the gladiators made ready. A lot of credit is due Huntley and his gang for their contributions. Credit is also due Privates First Class Peoples and Billelo for their part in all that is musical.

Lieutenant Page's boxers covered themselves with glory in the ring. After two exhibition bouts had been staged, Nazaretian was given the decision over Harper, of Fish Point. Frenchy Lill, the snipe hunting big beef of the Bundocks, made some sailor throw in the towel after one fast round. In the final bout, Frankie Cheslock won the decision over Rosen, of New York, after six rounds. Rosen fought Cheslock at the last smoker and came back this time for seconds. He got 'em.

Our new 1,000-inch range is now in use. Major Racicot is making every effort to have the battalion one of the best trained in the Corps and is contemplating a complete course in musketry for all hands, and the training of machine gun and howitzer platoons.

T. G. B.

SCOUTING FLEET SHIPS SET TARGET RECORDS

Some Exceptional Antiaircraft Scores Made in Practice in Cuban Waters.

Phenomenal records were made by battleships and light cruisers of the Scouting Fleet in antiaircraft practices recently completed at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, according to preliminary and unofficial reports received at the Navy Department.

The sleeve target employed presented a visible area, or "picture," only about one-tenth that of the towing airplane. The theoretical system of recording hit was not used, and only actual hits in the target were counted.

Every ship went through three practices of two runs each. One of the three battleships made a perfect score in all three practices, and four of the nine cruisers made a perfect score in at least one of the runs.

The light cruisers at Guantanamo made remarkable scores in short-range battle practice.

TRENTON HO!

Seventy-two thousand miles without a major breakdown is the enviable record made by the light cruiser U. S. S. *Trenton* in the year and a half since she was commissioned.

The *Trenton* recently arrived at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, where she is to be fitted out as the flagship of the Light Cruiser Force, Scouting Fleet. She is the last of the light cruisers built by the Cramps Shipbuilding Company and has proved by this hard practical service that she is ready to take her place reliably and effectively in the battleline of the United States Fleet.

During these cruises, which in the number of miles covered are the equivalent of almost three round-the-world cruises, the *Trenton* has steamed from the Arctic to Australia and from Persia to Hawaii.

!!!!! Attention, Subscribers !!!!!

It will be to your advantage and a great help to us if you will please send in your change of address when you are transferred. A moment and a Postal Card naming your old and new address will insure prompt delivery at your new station.

Failure to do this will make your file incomplete and cause you to spend a postal card later on, for we are not mindreaders and cannot guess at your new address.

Patty Costello Tendered Farewell Dinner At Quantico



Staff Non-Commissioned Officers, Quantico, Va., at Farewell Banquet for "Patty" Costello

One of the largest gatherings of staff non-commissioned officers ever assembled met in Quantico on Friday evening, November 20, 1925, for the purpose of saying au revoir to Quartermaster Sergeant Patrick Costello, who was transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve the next day, after twenty years' service in the Marine Corps. This affair was held at the Staff Non-commissioned Officers' Club, and was attended by about seventy-five persons.

Appropriate ceremonies were conducted; the Fifth Regiment Jazz Band, under the leadership of First Sergeant Thomas, was in attendance, and a buffet lunch was served.

Sergeant-Major Thomas J. McGarry, the chairman of the Club, presided. Glowing tribute was paid to the sterling qualities possessed by Costello as a Marine and as a man, congratulations on his well-earned transfer to the Reserve were forthcoming, and well wishes were extended for his cruise on the U. S. S. *Outside*.

The Post Sergeant-Major at Quantico, Sergeant-Major Kloth, was of the opinion that the example set by Costello could well be followed by all Marines to profit and advantage; Quartermaster-Sergeant McGraw exposed some personal reminiscences which showed Patty to be a prince of good fellows; Quartermaster-Sergeant Maguire classed Costello as a master-manipulator of figures; Marine Gunner Jones ("Pig Iron") exposed his anti-Volstead proclivities; Sergeant-Major Lee Blake commented on how he would be missed; many other old-time shipmates of Costello, in saying adios, cited humorous and interesting incidents in Patty's long service, and younger men stated that one didn't need to know him for years to like him and appreciate his worth.

The fact that "Spot" Miller used to keep track of time by Patty's arrival and departure from Haiti was brought to attention by Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson, and it was decided to send "Spot" a photograph of the farewell gathering.

Sergeant-Major Lang took advantage of an opportune moment to advocate an enlargement of the activities of the Staff Non-commissioned Officers' Club in Quantico.

Patty's shipmates and well-wishers now stationed away from Quantico were represented by Sergeant-Major C. B. Proctor, who read letters from Quartermaster-Sergeant Hogan, in Haiti; Quartermaster-Sergeant Wandt, in the Virgin Islands; Sergeant-Major "Mutiny" Smith, now in Santo Domingo, and others.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Costello hails from Meriden, Conn., and first entered the Marine Corps in September, 1905. He has twice served in Peking, China, a total of about five years, and has seen service in the Philippines, Cuba, Haiti and Santo Domingo. His sea service includes the U. S. S. *Prairie* and U. S. S. *Minneapolis*. Costello has received many letters of commendation for his handling of that which affects the inner man, particularly during maneuvers.

Sergeant-Major Proctor stated that if there was any truth in the old saying, "The nearest way to a man's heart is through his belly," Patty Costello was very near to the heart of every Marine.

A handsome watch and chain and a large parlor rug were presented to Costello by Sergeant-Major Proctor on behalf of the staff non-commissioned officers of the Marine Corps.

In a few well-chosen words, Patty summed up his long service in the Marine Corps, with sidelights, and stated that he hated to leave the service, especially since he had learned that he was leaving so many appreciative friends and well-wishers. His talk was followed by mass-singing of "Dear Old Pal," and three rousing cheers for the guest of honor. The singing of the Marines' Hymn brought to a close twenty years of honest and faithful service for Quartermaster-Sergeant Patrick Costello, U. S. M. C.

Costello will make his home temporarily at 330 F St. N. E., Washington, D. C.

U. S. S. NEW MEXICO

The Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. New Mexico has been doing good work in the line of duty. Recently, when the ship celebrated Navy Day at Santa Barbara, the Guard was called upon to show what the Marines do aboard ship. Demonstration was given by four men dressed in blues, greens, khaki and blue-white. On different tables there were displays of the automatic rifle, pistol, hand grenades and Springfield rifle. Also a heavy marching order was laid for inspection, showing the contents of the pack.

The Guard recently purchased a new victrola, and all hands are staying aboard to learn the Charleston. The old "vic" was used so much that it became useless.

Captain Bates was transferred to the Department of Pacific to finish his examination for Major. We were one and all sorry to lose him and wish him success in the future as Major.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT TO HOLD REORGANIZATION

The New York detachment of the Marine Corps League has elected new officers for the ensuing year and they are now working on a plan to corral all the old members and also get new members.

On December 5th a reorganization dinner dance was held by the New York detachment at Cavenaugh's, at 258 West 53rd street, New York City.

A large crowd of ex-Marines attended this affair and many new members were added to the list of the detachment. New York expects to again be one of the most flourishing detachments in the league.

MODEL LUNCH

Best Meals in Southeast

SERVICE TO SERVICE MEN

OPEN ALL NIGHT

Opposite Marine Barracks
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ATTENTION, BUDDIES

One of Your Own, Is the MAN You Should Patronize

M. HERMAN, Sgt. U.S.M.C.R.

American Naval and Civilian Tailoring and Gents' Furnishing, Marine Supplies

Daniel and Chapel Streets
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

NON-COM LIQUID POLISH

For Cleaning and Burnishing
Service Ornaments Buttons
Buckles Slides
Price, 35 cents

Especially adapted to the needs of all Branches of the Service

Prepared by
F. P. WELLER, Druggist
Cor. 8th and I Sts. S. E.
Washington, D. C.

MISINFORMATION FROM THE U. S. S. CLEVELAND

After a month's sojourn at the Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., the *Cleveland* is again on the high seas enroute to Guantanamo Bay via Key West, Fla., for annual small arms target practice.

While in Boston the Marine detachment lost a number of the oldtimers who had completed their two full years of sea service and were transferred to the Marine Barracks at that place, among them Sergeant Cain and Corporals Wilt, Taylor and Brake and a number of privates first class. These men were replaced by men from the *Mayflower* detachment who were on the President's guard at Swampscott, and it is believed that they will continue to show their soldierly qualities on board the *Cleveland*.

One day while strolling along Tremont street ye correspondent was somewhat surprised to meet an oldtime shipmate in the person of 2nd Lieut. Joseph Watson, U.S.M.C., retired. Joe will be remembered to the many men who went through the recruit depot at any time from 1911 to 1918, at which time he was police sergeant of the recruit depot and was, I believe, police sergeant at the time he was commissioned at Parris Island, S. C., in 1918 and continued to serve at that post throughout the World War. A number of oldtime Marines are residing in or near Boston and one meets them quite frequently. It would not be amiss to mention the fact that Marine Gunner Buckley is stationed at the Navy Yard, Boston. He is an old veteran of the Fourth Regiment in Santiago D. R., and will undoubtedly be remembered by those who were on numerous occasions present at Alexandrajo's, near the Service Company's camp at Santiago. (Chuck Connars, of Radio Hill and at present sojourning on the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*, please note). Another oldtimer at the yard is Jim Corbett.

Before leaving the world for the high seas we became the proud possessors of a new phonograph and a supply of records. Strains of popular music can now be heard coming from the Marine compartment.

Since putting out to sea some of the new members of the detachment have not as yet gained their sea-legs, and it is reported that the commissary has had an opportunity to get ahead on its chow ration.

A short sojourn was enjoyed by the members of the detachment at Key West, noted for its cigars and real estate salesmen. And all hands are loud in their praise of the hospitality extended by the barracks detachment.

Key West proved to be an alluring place to many men but not so enticing as did historic New Orleans, where the Marine detachment, together with the seamen of the *Cleveland*, participated in the Navy Day exercises on October 27th. Two of our misguided youths who became so imbued with the city, failed to return. They evidently took the advice of Horace Greeley and made a start for some place where mess call means putting out hard cash. While in New Orleans ye correspondent again had the pleasure of meeting an oldtime shipmate in the person of First Sergeant Harry Richard, an old veteran of Parris Island, who at present holds down the billet of top kick at the barracks at Algiers. Dick will be remembered as one to whom reference "A" meant something while stationed at Santiago D. R. with the Fourth Regiment. Lieut. A. W. Paul, who was also stationed in Santiago with the Fourth Regiment, is at present recruiting officer at New Orleans.

Leaving New Orleans with many regrets, the *Cleveland* proceeded to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where the landing force went in camp at Deer Point for two weeks instruction at the rifle range. The instruction on the range was carried out in good order, due to the untiring efforts of Gunnery Sergeant Reynolds, who is in charge of the range under command of Captain King, U.S.M.C. The detachment also fired the automatic rifle and pistol courses and did very well in both. A number of the men who qualified as Navy expert riflemen are at present sporting the khaki target on the cuffs of their left sleeves. There is also a brand new crop of target insignias prominently displayed on the left breasts of those who qualified in the Army course.

Breaking camp at Deer Point, the detachment again returned to the ship where the same old routine of emergency drills, ship drills and the never-ending paint work are again the leading factors in getting the ship in condition to make a good showing at Balboa. All tasks assigned to the Marines were well done in a manner characteristic of Marines the world over.

For the benefit of those who are in on the secret of certain geographical locations in and about Guantanamo Bay, the red barn is still in commission and shows no sign of disentergration, although a fresh coat of paint would add to its attractiveness from a scenic viewpoint.

Sergeant Jordan's baseball team has been very successful so far this year, having met and defeated the third and sixth divisions of the *Cleveland* while at Guantanamo. The detachment has a fairly good ball team this trip and is showing interest in the game, and it is thought with a little more practice and encouragement they will be in a position to play a good game of ball.

NOTES FROM GUAM

The station band at the Naval Station, Guam, has been strengthened by the addition of several bandsmen from Mare Island who recently arrived in Guam.

The Marines from Sumay, Guam, won the first baseball game of the present season by administering a 6-to-1 drubbing to the team of the Gold Star. A return game was played and the Marines were given a beating with a score of 10 to 1.

A smoker and the usual monthly dance was held at the Service Club in Agana for enlisted men, their wives and families on Thanksgiving Day. Refreshments were served and the occasion was one of enjoyment for all.

The S. S. *Stanley Dollar* arrived in Guam on the 12th of October and the entire command read their two months' mail and mailed their Christmas presents and greetings. Guam is one place where Christmas shopping must be done early.

The Guam Marines extend Christmas greeting to the entire corps.

H. B. H.

Alumni Column

How's the MCI. these days? I shall never forget the many happy days I spent there.

If anyone ever asks you whether the courses of our Alma Mater are of any value you can tell them *yes*, and quote me as an example. *I can truthfully say that the civil engineering course which I graduated in will give back to a man fifty times what he puts into it.*

I stand in line with a great number of college grads in civil engineering and handle as many difficult tasks and knotty problems as any of them.

If there are any recruits who want advice on which engineering course to take up, I strongly advise architectural drafting, or structural drafting and designing. There are hundreds of openings for men in both these lines all over the country and they pay from $200 to $500 a month.

I tell you this because I feel greatly indebted to the MCI. for the excellent work it did for me, and I feel it will be of help to other students to know that graduates from the MCI. are meeting with success. Letter of 18 Nov., '25.

A. B. HANALSON.

COLONEL BRECKINRIDGE:

I learn from THE LEATHERNECK that you have left Washington, D. C., ——. I believe that you will be interested in knowing that I have passed examinations for master ocean going steamers here in New York. I filed application with the U. S. Lines on the 16th of September and was accepted on the 19th. I am standing by, and will go to sea in any capacity the line may direct. Letter 4 Oct., '25.

M. MIKKELSEN.

November 6, 1925.

1ST LIEUT. G. T. CUMMINGS:
United States Marine Institute,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR LIEUT. CUMMINGS:

I am writing you relative to the good work the Marine Corps is doing in an educational way. This was directed to my attention by Private Chas. H. Baker, in whom I am very much interested. His father, J. Henry Baker, has shown me the marks that he received in his accountancy course, and I was agreeably surprised to know how thorough your arm of the service has been in keeping the parents of the men advised.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM F. MERRILL,
Pres. Michigan Reserve Officers' Assn.

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION
WHEELING, W. VA.
November 7, 1925.

Director MCI.,
Washington, D. C.

Yours of the 3rd advising us that my son, Corporal David M. Latta, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., has completed the first book in his course and has been awarded the grade of 96 per cent, is very much appreciated.

The interest of the institute in their men to improve their mental equipment is certainly very gratifying, and you may be sure that I shall do all that I can do to encourage him.

W. L. LATTA.

Former Marine Stars Now On Collegian Elevens



CHAMBERS



McMAINS



NEALE

Three men who have watched the performances of the Marine Corps eleven this past season with all the interest possible are "Greasy" Neale, now at Penn State; Charles A. Chambers and M. E. McMains, both now at Western Maryland. These worthies will be remembered as three of 1924's great collection of backfield stars. Neale gets his big chance with Penn State next year. Chambers and McMains have both performed this past season with Western Maryland. All three have shown real Marine style football and are held high in their respective coaches' esteem. They were a great trio.

In the defeat of the Marines by Georgetown, 16 to 0, it was the case of an unusual super eleven, formerly the underdog, having his day. Lou Little certainly turned out a line and backfield this year that has ranked extremely high in its circle. Since 1922 Georgetown has been on the low end of every meeting with the Leathernecks, and it was a great day for our "friendly enemy" when they came out victorious this time. This annual clash is becoming one of the most looked-for grid clashes played in Washington during the season. This year it drew over 20,000 spectators, and from the calibre of game and the superior brand of football displayed will surely draw one-half as many again next year.

Valuable things come in small packages, and they sure packed a lot of valuables into Tiny Stock when they sent him forth into the world. Stock has been holding down right end this season like a "grown-up," weathering all the bumps until knocked into the land of birdies in the final period of the Georgetown game. Keady wishes someone would wrap him up a few more Stocks for next year's eleven.

With the close of every football season, football experts select eleven names from the large and varied list of players throughout the nation and call them "their all-American selection" and the greatest men in their positions of the year.

That's a good one. No statistician in the world, no matter how great an expert or fast a traveller, could even visit all the men he considers, let alone watch them play. But yet, they sit down and select them as their choice as the greatest.

For example. Here are a few names: Red Grange, of Illinois; Swede Oberlander, of Dartmouth; Al Kreuz, of Pennsylvania; Benny Friedman, of Michigan; Elmer Marek, of Ohio State; Dan Allen, of Yale; Jake Slagle, of Princeton; "Cowboy" Kutsch, of Iowa; Eddie Tryon, of Colgate; Ernie Nevers, of California, and Harry Wilson, of Army.

Above are eleven names from eleven different schools. Yet that wouldn't begin to cover the unlimited number of stars who have been uncovered this past season. You notice there isn't any mentioned from Tulane, Washington or Alabama—teams that have not been scored on, to speak of, in their conferences. The Southern teams alone could add beaucoup to that list, without mentioning the Pacific Coast and Catholic conferences. Not to be forgotten are the service conferences, who are bringing forth new talent good enough to be claimed by the larger institutions throughout the nation.

ELIGIBLE FOR 1926



DUNCAN



WIGMORE

Get a pencil and paper and make up your own selection of an all-American. They are all doing it. Why not you?

The founding of baseball colleges is the latest idea adopted by organized baseball factions for the development of future material.

They contend that if baseball is to continue as a paying investment and one of the leading outdoor sports of the nation, the interest of the public must be retained. It can only be kept alive by furnishing good competition, and the latter can be provided only by good players on good teams.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

By

Ed Hagenah

Sports Editor

Bill Roper, Princeton coach, does not favor the present system of scouting employed by college football teams, and intends to take steps to have it abolished at the next winter meeting of the coaching association either by legislation or gentlemen's agreement.

Pop Warner and Knute Rockne also raise objections to the elaborate system being used, and will back Roper in his attempt to do away with it. What they object most strongly to is the highly systematized form of scouting, the practice of assigning a scout to cover every game on a team's schedule and the use of technical charts to record every play.

The abolishment of the scouting system will aid greatly in keeping football within the limits of a sport, whereby the continued use of it will eventually put it in the same class with organized business.

Red Grange, phantom backfield star of Illinois, has turned professional, bringing down much criticism by his action. For four years Grange has thrilled thousands by his spectacular broken field running. In these games he faithfully gave the best that was in him, both mentally and physically, risking limb and neck for his Alma Mater. Now, at the completion of his amateur standing he has had a chance to commercialize his popularity and has done so. In a public statement recently, he set forth that his parents had scrimped and saved every penny so that he might finish his college course, and in return he feels that he should take advantage of the financial opportunities offered and reward those who first made his success possible. We believe that Grange is taking the proper step and wish him success in his venture.

Sometime ago Eddie Collins, former Columbia University grid and diamond star, now manager of the Chicago White Sox, was asked which sport he favored the most. Here is Eddie's statement: "I still like my football, even though I have not played in the game for over twenty years. I also like my baseball equally well, but there is a thrill that a fellow gets out of football while at college that is lacking in all other sports."

WILL WINTER REVIVE BOXING AT QUANTICO?

Virginia Post Greatly Outclassed In The Promotion Of Boxing Shows By Parris Island—Boxing Chatter

By ED. HAGENAH

With the ending of the football season, the sport-loving inhabitants of Quantico-on-the-Potomac will turn their attention to the nation's winter indoor sports—basketball and boxing.

In the past Quantico has made several valiant attempts to place its local boxing on a firm basis. It can be sadly stated that the majority of these failed miserably. Parris Island, Quantico's sister post, has fared better and much more successfully in the promotion of boxing bouts than the Virginia post, due to two or three good reasons. The opening and maintenance of separate and distinct training quarters can be accredited for Parris Island success. It promoted keen rivalry in the different camps, and furnished an incentive to outclass each other in the tournaments which were held. Quantico, on the other hand, centered all her boxers in one stable under the direction of one trainer, with the result that men who were matched against each other in a boxing bout knew each other's methods and style, and the fight was won or lost before the ringing of the opening gong. It was stated above that Quantico's boxers were the proteges of one trainer. This is a fact, with the exception of the men from the aviation field, who are trained and prepared at their own quarters, and when matched with other men of the post, results in a more interesting bout.

Heinie Gottesmann, a boy who is continuously in training, recently won a popular decision over Joe Chaney, of Baltimore, in Richmond a few weeks past. Heinie, a newcomer in the game, has been improving with the weather, and a year or so will find him a fair stepper in his class.

Another, Jack Hunt, middleweight, is standing by, ready for a bout with anyone of his weight. It is hoped that something may be done to bring forth the many ringsters who are anxious to perform in tournaments Quantico may decide to promote during the coming winter.

A glance at the strides Parris Island has made in boxing during the last 18 months should act as an incentive to those hoping to make the sport as popular in Quantico. The Marine Corps has turned out some corking good fighters in the past, and there are many in her ranks today who only need the proper chance to develop into real class. The sports editor of THE LEATHERNECK will always be glad to assist in any way in the promotion of the Manly Art.

Ever since Gene Tunney flattened Bartley Madden some weeks by, whisperings have been blowing about from Scrambled-Ear Row as to the legitimacy of that knockout.

Many say that Madden flopped for his twenty-five thousand and the bout was designed primarily to build up Tunney as the foremost challenger for the heavyweight championship. Reports of this sort have been the vogue in the boxing game ever since Queensbury originated his first set of rules; but to those who know Gene, this bit of scandal trickles in one ear and out the other. It is true, no doubt, that Madden was not the boxer he has been, but the fact that Harry Wills tried to knock him out and failed is of more importance. True, Wills and the others "softened him up." A fighter is no better and seldom improves after taking a severe beating. However, Madden met more than Harry Wills when he boxed Gene Tunney, and the logic of this will be seen if Tunney and Wills ever meet. Another thing that should have been taken into consideration was that Madden was not in excellent trim when he met Tunney, and this, no doubt, aided the knockout. Tunney has not been getting a square deal in heavyweight circles. He knocked out Tommy Gibbons, who was good enough to hold Dempsey for 15 rounds when Jack was in his prime. He stopped Bartley Madden, who boxed Mills, when he was a better fighter than he is today, and yet he is forced to sit back and see the championship chance go to Wills. In time to come it will be seen that the boxer they are slighting now will be the wearer of the heavyweight crown.

Recently, in Cleveland, Gene Tunney easily outpointed Johnny Risko in 12 rounds at the public auditorium.

For the past half decade English boxers have been the subject of much ridicule from wise Alecks on these shores.

The British had only one argument to present: that there was one first-class boxer still alive on their island, and that was Jimmy Wilde, little flyweight champion of the world. However, Jimmy reached his zenith and was badly whipped by the late Pancho Villa, and after this the sporting English sat back and took the gibes of the world in good nature, with faith and hope for the future.

In the meantime, while American critics were interested in watching and criticising the other fellow, they lost sight of the fact that the crop being raised within our rings were nothing to boast about. We were comparing Rosenberg, Kid Kaplan and Jimmy Goodrich with anything the British had, and when you start matching something to nothing, you eventually find you have "nothing much." So, while the quality of the American boxer was backsliding, the general class of the Britisher was improving in every class but heavyweight. The English sportsmen have become so disgusted with their Big Boys that they have not taken a bit of interest in them, but have devoted all their attention to the middleweight and lighter classes. Of late the American promoter is doing the same, and the heavyweight class is in about the same catagory as the heavy automobile—they are not in vogue.

During the past few months American fans have had a chance to see several British boxers of the new crop in action, and have been impressed not only in the material, but by the fact that they have at last adopted the American style of fighting. Sort of an attempt to beat us at our own game.

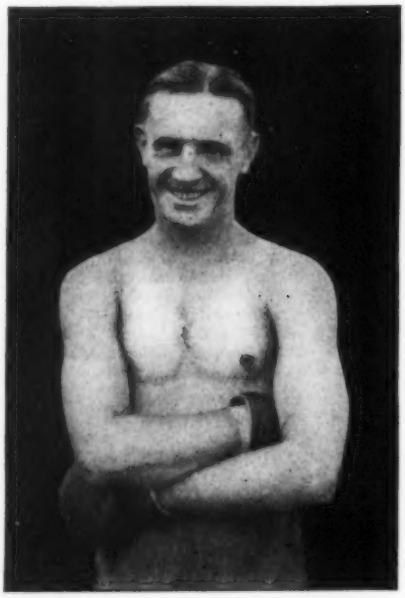
Among the many who have left "dear old London" to appear on American resin, the most likely-looking are Frank Moody, middleweight; Tommy Milligan, welterweight and middleweight champion of Europe, and Ernie Jarvis, flyweight.

Milligan, especially, made a great hit with Tex Rickard, and the dean of promoters signed him for three fights in his New Garden this winter, promising him the third fight would be with Mickey Walker or Harry Greb if he made good in his first two.

Ernie Jarvis showed up as a very clever flyweight, so much so that he is being slated to meet Fidel La Barba, the American titleholder. Many feel he has to be real GOOD to take anything from La Barba.

These new importations made their greatest hit with American promoters and fans by their use of the American style of fighting they followed. The standup, standoff style, followed for so many years on the other side, was very pretty to watch, but it never got them anywhere against an aggressive, body-punching slugger of the American type, and the adoption of the latter by the British will add greatly to their chances, especially against American boxers.

TO FIGHT IN WASHINGTON



Walter Vance, the most promising junior lightweight boxer in the Marine Corps, will meet Al Foreman, 130-pound champion of the Army, at Washington in December.

Individual and Team Standing of Girls Bowling Teams at Headquarters Marine Corps.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES TO DATE—NOVEMBER 23, 1925

NAME	GAMES PLAYED	TOTAL 11-16-25	TOTAL 11-23-25	GRAND TOTAL	AVERAGES
Brown	27	2011	268	2279	84.11
Lillard	21	1511	220	1731	82.9
Federline	3	....	242	242	80.2
Kinnear	24	1593	240	1833	76.9
Edenton	27	1814	225	2039	75.14
Seal	24	1580	220	1800	75.
Abromovitz	27	1763	248	2011	74.13
Flanagan	27	1782	206	1988	73.17
O'Toole	12	884	...	884	73.8
Sullivan	21	1295	243	1538	73.5
Shaughnessy	27	1663	231	1894	70.4
Chamberlain	21	1243	222	1465	69.16
Hayden	24	1461	181	1642	68.10
Brannon	15	824	201	1025	68.5
Estlow	21	1178	217	1395	66.9
Swope	24	1380	204	1584	66.
A. McGoldrick	21	1149	178	1327	63.4
Surber	21	1326	...	1326	63.3
Blakeney	12	527	205	732	61.
Balfour	27	1423	191	1614	59.21
M. McGoldrick	27	1350	160	1510	55.25

TEAM SCORES

EAGLE

Seal	84	65	71	220
M. Goldrick	46	61	53	160
Kinnear	80	81	79	240
Chamberlain	66	79	77	222
Edenton	76	78	71	225
	352	364	251	...
Total				1067

SEMPER FIDELIS

Lillard	73	78	69	220
Swope	56	82	66	204
Balfour	55	55	81	191
Shaughnessy	68	78	85	231
Brown	94	93	81	268
	346	386	382	...
Total				1114

ANCHOR

Sullivan	73	83	87	243
Federline	73	80	89	242
Hayden	58	68	55	181
Dummy	60	60	60	180
Flanagan	77	62	67	206
	341	353	358	...
Total				1052

GLOBE

Brannon	71	53	77	201
Blakeney	72	79	54	205
A. McGoldrick	62	66	50	178
Estlow	68	79	70	217
Abromovitz	78	80	90	248
	351	357	341	...
Total				1049

TEAM STANDINGS

	GAMES PLAYED	WON	LOST
Semper Fidelis	27	19	8
Anchor	27	13	14
Eagle	27	13	14
Globe	27	9	18

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(Formerly U. S. Army Auto Insurance Ass'n)

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DOWN WHERE THE VEST BEGINS

Down where the belt clasps a little stronger,
Down where the pants should be a little longer,
That's where the vest begins.

Down where you wish you were a little slighter,
Where the shirt that shows is a little whiter,
Where each day the buttons grow a little tighter,
That's where the vest begins.

Down where the pains are in the making,
And each heavy meal will soon start aching,
That's where the vest begins.

Where each added pound is the cause of sighing
When you know in your heart that the scales aren't lying,
And you have to guess when your shoes need tying,
That's where the vest begins.

—*American Medical Journal.*

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THE low yields now prevailing on other classes of securities will cause more investors than ever before to turn this January to the proven safety and liberal, dependable income of sound first mortgage bonds.

If you are planning to take advantage of prevailing first mortgage interest rates, you will do well, therefore, to make your selection now, before the heavy January demand restricts your choice.

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Uncle (best heeled)_____THE LEATHERNECK
Best Friend _____THE LEATHERNECK
Sweethearts _____THE LEATHERNECK

Send us the names and addresses of the persons for whom you are subscribing. We will start the subscriptions at once and send you a bill for $2.00 for each subscription. Act promptly.

Save $1.00 on each subscription by subscribing now. January 1, 1926, the price advances to $3.00 per year.

THE LEATHERNECK
Washington, D. C.

BRITISH PRESENT GIFT TO ARMY WAR COLLEGE

The British military attache, General Charlton, on November 18 presented to the Army War College a picture of Field Marshal Haig, commander-in-chief of the allied armies. General Charlton said, in part:

General Ely, Officers and Students of the War College:

I feel it a great honor and privilege to be here today to hand over a picture of Field Marshal the Earl Haig as a gift to the War College from the British army.

A year ago, when I was going around the War College with two officers of our general staff, the commandant mentioned that among the pictures of other allied commanders there was none of the British commander-in-chief, and when Lord Haig was approached on the subject, he at once decided to remedy this defect. . . .

. . . This gift is not only a token of his friendship and esteem for the Army of the United States, but, in a broader sense, symbolizes the comradeship and good-fellowship that exists between your country and mine, and especially between the two armies. . . .

. . . In handing over this gift I am commissioned to convey Lord Haig's heartiest good wishes and to express to you the friendliest greetings of fellowship and good comradeship from the armies of the British Empire and her dominions across the seas and over your northern border.

WHERE IS:

Mr. John B. Logan would like to hear more of the activities of Governors Island. He has a son stationed there and is anxious to keep in touch with him.

Private George J. Fink, re-enlisted and back at his old billet in the M. C. I., would like to hear from his old-time pal of M. C. I. days—Frank J. Moran.

STUCK IN THE MUD

(*Continued from Page* 13)

we had left, and lit out for home, where were our razors.

"Oh Austwell! Oh Austwell! That place for one thing blest,
Where whiskers never worry and the razor is at rest."

At all events, we were afloat in the open ozone once again, but there were holes in the boat. Dirty weather, mates, very dirty weather.

Taking the shortest route home was the only possible chance of making Kelly on one tank of gas, so we headed across the desert like a crippled duck. We ran into a hard rain en route, couldn't climb above, didn't dare go around it because it would further reduce our store of gas, so went through.

For two hours and fifteen minutes we rode that crazy ship. Finally Kelly came in sight, to my heartfelt relief and the jubilation of the poor mechanic. I admire his nerve, at that. The gas died on us a little way from the field, but by a slow glide, with the dregs of the fluid helping us, we made it, landed tail high and saved our controls, and reached the blocks, amidst mutual congratulations, felicitations and nearly osculatory outpourings.

I close with the mechanic's memorable words: "By God, we brought 'er home!"

NEW YORK DETACHMENT PLANS ACTIVE CAMPAIGN

FRANK X. LAMBERT

New York Detachment No. 1, reorganized after a summer of inactivity, has outlined a schedule of social activity that will keep it at top speed throughout the winter and spring. The reorganization committee, consisting of Leroy Hagan, Paul Howard, Milton Solomon, Hanson Smith, Albert Lages and Frank Lambert, assembled recently at a dinner at Cavenaugh's and laid plans for a series of events to revive interest of the members of the detachment.

The first event on the program will be an installation dinner and dance at Cavenaugh's, on West Twenty-third street, on the evening of December 5th, for which more than seventy reservations have already been made with prospects of many more. The new officers elected at the meeting of November 6th will be installed by Major Sidney Brewster, past national commandant and organizer of the Marine Corps League, as follows:

Commandant, Leroy Hagan; first vice-commandant, Frank X. Lambert; second vice-commandant, Joseph Vanslett; adjutant, Albert Lages; paymaster, Milton Solomon; chaplain, the Rev. John H. Clifford, perpetual; sergeant-at-arms, Edward O'Gara.

The schedule as planned includes a series of dances, entertainments and other attractive events to revive interest in meetings and make attendance worth while. Membership drives will be conducted on a selective basis rather than a scramble for large numbers, with the object of building up an organization of 100 per cent workers for the welfare of the detachment, instead of the usual custom of shunting the burden to a few. Roy Hagan, the new commandant, is a hustler and with any kind of support will put it over big. And that's that.

Those of us who were lucky enough to attend the National Convention at Philadelphia were struck by the "pep" displayed by the various delegates on the floor. Numerous tilts and heated discussions resulted at the introduction of each motion, but the arguments were fair and clean, devoid of venom and were a good indication of the interest and spirit contained in the League as a whole, a sign which augurs well for any organization.

The New York delegation, consisting of Commandant Roy Hagan, Milton Solomon, Hanson Smith and Frank Lambert, made their headquarters at the Rittenhouse, Chestnut and Twenty-second streets, and held open house for numerous delegates. Mrs. Solomon accompanied her husband and drove us safely back home after blowouts, both food and tire, at Trenton.

PARRIS ISLAND TO HAVE DETACHMENT

The Parris Island Marines have caught the Marine Corps League fever and are at present busily engaged in forming a detachment. They have nine members at present and more are expected shortly. One of the largest detachments in the league is expected to develop at this post.

Underneath The Bough

Under the shade of a palm tree or on the boat deck or fo'c'sle of a battlewagon a book comes in handy between snoozes. However, out in the out-of-the-way places of the world books may not be available, and this department is maintained for you. If you see a book here that you would like, or would like to send home, drop us a line, with a check or money order to cover cost and postage, and we will send it to you.

Oregon Sketches. By Wallace Smith.
Cynical accounts of the great open spaces. Illustrated. $2.50. Putnam.

* * *

Argonauts of the South. By Capt. Frank Hurley.
Experiences in the Antarctic. Illustrated. $5.00. Putnam.

* * *

Courts and Countries. By H. R. H., the Infanta Eulalia of Spain.
A royal lady of wide vision gives her opinions on international problems in Europe. Illustrated. $3.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.

* * *

Wild Geese. By Martha Ostenso.
Awarded a $13,500 prize, the largest cash prize ever offered for a first novel. A story of life in a remote farming country; of Caleb Gare, tyrant with a lust for black acres; of his family of drudges, slaves of the soil, and of one magnificent daughter who dares to rebel. $2.00. Dodd, Mead & Co.

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Tolerance. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon.
Just a greater story of mankind. $3.00. Boni Liveright.

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The Panchatantra.
Five books translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. Contains stories told by a Brahmin to the blockheaded sons of the king in order to make them intelligent. University of Chicago Press.



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HALFBACK: I wish we could get my girl's father on the team.
COACH: Why so?
HALFBACK: He furnishes the toughest interference I ever struck.

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A guaranteed dental cream, containing iodine, that cleans the teeth thoroughly, and is absolutely smooth and free from grit. Checks pyorrhea, and improves condition of the mouth. Pleasant tasting. Get the ZI-O-DINE habit.
Ask for it at your Post Exchange.
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Laurel, Miss.



PROCLAMATION OF WAR ON KING TURK AND HIS TRUCULENT ALLIES

Issued by Marines at Lakehurst Naval Station, New Jersey

Know ye, by all these presents, that the annual war on the redoubtable *King Turk* and his savory allies will commence on November the twenty-sixth, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-five.

All loyal and true Marines are hereby ordered to assemble for the fray at the *noon mess formation,* whence we will march in and engage the foe. *No quarter to the enemy is to be given!* Let no loyal and courageous subject forsake the board while one vestige of the enemy remains in sight. (Casualties of the fray will be treated in the Sick Bay.) *But fear not, my masters!* Sergeant Pokorny has answered us that he will stand by and bear the brunt of the shock so that the effect will be invigorating instead of demoralizing.

Every man is expected to do his duty and support the shock troops in their attacks. *Let each man chew lustily and let the cramps fall where they will*—so be it!

Our scouts have reconnoitered and report the enemy's battle array to be as follows:

Bi-valve COCKTAIL
Canape
ROAST KING TURK
SECRET Gravy WISEMAN Dressing
MIRTHFUL Sauce
Baked thigh of
MISSOURI RAZOR-BACK
SHRUBBERY Sauce
THRASHED IRISH SPUDS
MACEDONIA HELLESPONT
Peas Corn
Subterranean Stems of RHIZOMES
MIXED Origin
CRUSTACEON Salad FAMED Plant
Peace Conference—League of Nations
RHINELANDER AND JONES
MACEDOINE
Angel's Delight—Devil's Agony
NATIONAL QUOTA OF GRIEF
IMMUTABLE PASTRY
QUATAMALA ICE
Forty Days Forty Nights
FLOOD

Impossible Task

MOTHER (annoyed): Now don't let me speak to you again!

TOMMY: But, ma, if pa can't stop you from talking, how can you expect me to?





"Pretty bad for the polecat, wasn't it?"
"Wasn't what?"
"His father cut him off without a scent."

For Rent: Six-room bungalow, 1 can garage.—*Ad. in Gary Post.*

We refuse to say anything about a well-known small car.—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

STUDE: How goes everything?
BOARDING HOUSE PROPRIETOR: Into the hash.

"What is the most tactful way of insulting a prize fighter?"
"Far away, my boy, far away."—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

"Have you been a good girl, Doris, while I was away?"
"Well, I don't know, Mummy. There seems to be some difference of opinion around here as to just what is a good girl."—Goblin.

True Friends

I am the best pal I ever had;
I like to be with me;
I like to sit and tell myself
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me
If I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that my advice to me
Is always pretty good.

I never got acquainted with
Myself till here of late;
I find myself a bully chum,
I treat me simply great.

I talk with me and walk with me
And show me right and wrong;
I never knew how well myself
And me could get along.

I never try to cheat me—
I'm as truthful as can be;
No matter what may come or go,
I'm on the square with me.

It's great to know yourself and have
A pal that's all your own—
To be such comp'ny for yourself
You're never left alone.

You'll try to dodge the masses
And you'll find the crowd a joke,
If you'll only treat yourself as well
As you treat other folk.

I've made a study of myself—
Compared me with a lot,
And I finally conclude
I'm the best friend I have got.

Just get together with yourself
And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well yourself
Will get along with you.

Disturbing Thought

"Every room with a bath," says the prospectus of a new and huge hotel just started here.

Which reminds us of the story of a countryman, unfamiliar with such luxuries, who passed the night at a modern hotel.

"Well, did you have a good night's rest?" the clerk asked him next morning.

"No, I didn't," was the reply. "The room was all right and the bed was pretty good, but I couldn't sleep very much, for I was afraid someone would want to take a bath, and the only door to it was through my room."

Officer, have you any nice men at your fort that I might get?"
"Sure!" I have a nifty bunch of college men."
"What are some of their names?"
"John Smith."—W. Va. Moonshine.

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED MAN IS WEARING



A DRESS SUIT OF DISTINCTION
This and Similar Models
Will Be Worn This Season by Young Men of Taste and Discrimination
(Apologies to Hart, Schaffner & Marx)

THE GAZETTE

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LEJEUNE,
Commandant.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

COL. W. C. HARLLEE
LT. COL. WM. C. SMALL
MAJ. HARRY K. PICKETT
CAPT. HENRY S. HAUSMANN
1ST LT. WM. N. MCKELVY, JR.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

COL. RICHARD S. HOOKER
LT. COL. ROBERT B. FARQUHARSON
MAJ. MAURICE S. BERRY
CAPT. R. E. MILLS
1ST LT. AUGUSTUS W. COCKRELL

RECENT ORDERS

November 12, 1925

No orders were announced.

November 13, 1925

Capt. E. C. Nicholas, detached MD, AL, Peking, China, to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. Healey, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Cal., to MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash.

November 14, 1925

No orders were announced.

November 16, 1925

Maj. H. L. Leonard, Retd., assigned to active duty at the Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. J. N. Smith, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Advanced Flying School, Kelly Field, Texas.

1st Lt. R. W. Luce, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Cal.

2nd Lt. A. W. Kreiser, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Cal.

2nd Lt. C. L. Fike, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Cal.

Marius D. Marquis, did not accept appointment as a second lieutenant.

November 17, 1925

Lt. Col. H. D. South, detached Staff of the American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti, to the Gendarmerie d' Haiti.

Capt. R. Blake, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Cal., to MD, Receiving Ship, San Francisco, Cal.

Capt. F. R. Armstead, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Cal., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Cal.

Capt. S. Ladd, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Cal., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Cal.

1st Lt. F. S. Chappelle, detached MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash., to MB, NA, Annapolis, Md.

2nd Lt. R. J. Mumford, assigned to duty at the MCB, NOB, San Diego, Cal.

2nd Lt. C. F. Replinger, resignation accepted.

November 18, 1925

Maj. E. A. Ostermann, upon transfer of the Flag of Commander Battleship Divisions, Battle Fleet, to the USS Maryland, ordered to duty aboard that vessel.

2nd Lt. A. D. Cooley, assigned to duty at the MCB, NOB, San Diego, Cal.

November 27, 1925

Capt. J. H. McGan, detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. G. C. Darnall, detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. A. L. Johnson, detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Mar. Gnr. E. J. Lloyd, detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. D. D. Spangler, detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

November 28, 1925

No orders were announced.

November 30, 1925

1st Lt. L. Healy, detached MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash., to MD, NAD, Puget Sound, Wash.

2nd Lt. R. S. Viall, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Cal., to MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash.

ENLISTMENTS

Breckinridge, John Cabell, born Winchester, Va., 19 November, 1925.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

BEAUFORT—Arrived Norfolk Navy Yard 31 October. Will be placed out of commission.

CHAUMONT—Arrived San Francisco 21 November from Mare Island. Will sail from San Francisco 24 November for Honolulu, Guam and Manila on the following schedule: Arrive Honolulu 30 November, leave 2 December, arrive Guam 13 December, leave 16 December, arrive Manila 21 December, leave 28 December, arrive Shanghai 1 January, leave 6 January, arrive Honolulu 18 January, leave 20 January, arrive San Francisco 26 January.

HENDERSON—Arrived San Diego 22 November en route to East Coast on the following itinerary: Leave San Diego, 28 November, arrive Canal Zone 4 December, sail 5 December, arrive Port au Prince 8 December, sail 8 December, arrive Hampton Roads 12 December, sail 14 December, arrive Philadelphia 15 December.

KITTERY—Sail San Juan 19 November for Hampton Roads. Due to arrive Hampton Roads 24 November. Will sail from Hampton Roads 17 December for the West Indies, touching at the following ports: Cape Haitien, Guantanamo, Port au Prince, St. Thomas, San Juan. Will return to Hampton Roads about 7 January and will then proceed to the Navy Yard Norfolk for overhaul.

SIRIUS—Sailed Mare Island 10 November for Pearl Harbor. Due Pearl Harbor 18 November. Will sail from Pearl Harbor about 24 November and arrive Bremerton about 2 December.

ORION—Arrived Portsmouth, N. H., 4 November. Will sail 23 November and arrive Hampton Roads 25 November. Will sail from Hampton Roads about 30 November for Melville.

REENLISTMENTS

Meredith, Elmer E., at Philadelphia, on 11-26-25, for Depot, Philadelphia.
Meyer, Henry, at San Antonio, on 11-24-25, for MB, Parris Island.
Williams, John L., at Houston, on 11-24-25, for MB, Quantico.
Kolb, James R., at Seattle, on 11-19-25, for MB, San Diego.
Malnor, John, at Seattle, on 11-19-25, for MB, San Diego.
Fern, Bernard H., at Pittsburgh, on 11-12-25, for MB, Parris Island.
See, Clifford L., at Buffalo, on 11-11-25, for MB, Parris Island.
Cookson, Dexter L., at Omaha, on 11-11-25, for MB, Puget Sound.
Hulet, Cornelius L., at Detroit, on 11-11-25, for MB, Puget Sound.
Jenny, Jacob, at Milwaukee, on 11-5-25, for MB, Quantico.
Buck, Joseph E., at Quantico, on 11-12-25, for MFF, Quantico.
Edwards, George R., at Philadelphia, on 11-16-25, for Rectg, Philadelphia.
Stumm, Robert S., at Akron, on 11-14-25, for West Coast.
Breland, George A., at Dallas, on 11-14-25, for MB, New Orleans.
Parks, Holland O., at Fort Worth, on 11-8-25, for Rectg, Houston.
Francis, Alfred F., at Quantico, on 11-15-25, for MB, Quantico.
Schmidt, Carl G., at Boston, on 11-6-25, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.
Mobley, Eldridge C., at Oakland, on 11-10-25, for Rectg, San Francisco.
Cunningham, Ray A., at Indianapolis, on 11-19-25, for MB, Parris Island.
Morley, Charles E., at San Diego, on 11-3-25, for MB, San Diego.
Schwierlich, Steven R., at Seattle, on 11-10-25, for MB, San Diego.
Brown, James R., at MB, Navy Yard, Washington, on 11-20-25, for MB, Navy Yard, Washington.
Hoelen, Kenneth L., at New York, on 11-24-25, for MB, Parris Island.
Luciani, Frank, at New York, on 11-21-25, for MB, Lakehurst, N. J.
Nebenzahl, Fred, at New York, on 11-21-25, for MB, Parris Island.
Doyle, William A., at St. Paul, on 11-23-25, for MB, Parris Island.
Schulman, Benjamin, at Chicago, on 11-19-25, for HR, West Coast.
White, Otto, at Atlanta, on 11-21-25, for Rectg., Atlanta.
Christiansen, Olaf J., at San Diego, on 11-16-25, for MB, San Diego.
Finklea, Ray B., at Los Angeles, on 11-17-25, for MB, San Diego.
Harrington, Richard C., at San Francisco, on 11-14-25, for MB, San Diego.
La Quet, Morelle, at Seattle, on 11-13-25, for MB, Mare Island.
Miller, David, at Salt Lake City, on 11-16-25, for MB, Puget Sound.
Thornton, Anthony, at Los Angeles, on 11-17-25, for MB, San Diego.
Nolan, Phillip E., at Providence, on 11-24-25, for HR, West Coast.
Rowley, Michael T., at Philadelphia, on 11-21-25, for MB, Boston.
Wilenski, Milton D., at Philadelphia, on 11-25-25, for HR, West Coast.
Foerster, Alvin J., at Detroit, on 11-25-25, for MB, Philadelphia.
Kelley, Nicholas C., at Peoria, on 11-17-25, for MB, Quantico.
Novakovitch, Thomas, at Minneapolis, on 11-25-25, for MB, San Diego.
Wiatrouski, Walter, at St. Louis, on 11-24-25, for MB, New Orleans.
Zaleski, John, at Detroit, on 11-23-25, for HR, West Coast.
Lemdstrom, Ed, at San Francisco, on 11-20-25, for DQM, San Francisco.
Regan, James H., at Fresno, on 11-29-25, for MB, Mare Island.
Cramer, Joseph, at Washington, on 11-22-25, for MB, Parris Island.
Gerey, John, at Washington, on 11-20-25, for MFF, Quantico.
Williams, Steve, at Buffalo, on 11-20-25, for MB, New York.
Barton, Victor W., at Yakima, on 11-11-25, for MB San Diego.

INFORMATION RELATIVE TO RESERVE

Former Marines, discharged on dependency grounds, may be enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve, without reference to Marine Corps headquarters, provided they are qualified in every other respect.

The consent of wife or waiver of marriage by the major general commandant is not required for enlistment in Classes IV or VI, or assignment to Class III of the Reserve.

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2. This patented cap is easier to screw on, too. The threads engage perfectly the first time—none of those annoying false starts.



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UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps, General John A. Lejeune, has forwarded commissions to the following named officers in the Marine Corps Reserve:

1st Lt. Edwin S. Parsons, 2683 Morris Ave., Bronx, New York.
M. G. George W. Harbaugh, Administration Building, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.
1st Lt. Edward P. Simmonds, 212 Powell Rd., Springfield (Delaware Co.), Pa.
1st Lt. Lawrence F. Droste, Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Detroit, Mich.
2nd Lt. Windsor B. W. Stroup, 5227 Stiles St., Philadelphia, Pa.
2nd Lt. Carl A. Janson, 1 Oval Court, Bronxville, N. Y.
2nd Lt. George B. Stephens, Box No. 81, Delano, Cal.
2nd Lt. Thomas P. Jackson, 838 Allston St., Houston, Texas.
2nd Lt. Floyd W. Howard, 523 North Baker St., Santa Anna, Cal.
2nd Lt. Charles H. McAvoy, 13 Spring St., Somerville, Mass.
2nd Lt. Edward F. Doyle, 219 Warwick Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
2nd Lt. Clifton G. Travers, Palmyra, N. Y.
2nd Lt. Raymond W. Conroy, 1233 California St., San Francisco, Cal.
2nd Lt. Leon Francis Driscoll, 36 S. Ashmead Pl., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.
2nd Lt. David F. Ross, 748 East 75th St. North, Portland, Ore.
2nd Lt. Robert M. Mount, 379 Aspen St., Portland, Ore.
2nd Lt. Benjamin Reisweber, 151 Brinkman St., Buffalo, N. Y.
2nd Lt. Corwin R. Bennett, 1501 East 13th St., Des Moines, Iowa.
2nd Lt. Byron B. Freeland, P. O. Box 582, Miami, Fla.
2nd Lt. Lewis B. Stuart, c/o Purina Mills, Scott and Rochester Aves., Kansas City, Mo.
2nd Lt. John J. Flyn, 6 State Rd., Beachmont, Mass.
2nd Lt. Frank V. McKinless, Jr., Ingersoll-Rand Co., 11 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
2nd Lt. John C. Machamer, 197 East 44th St. North, Portland, Ore.
2nd Lt. Frederick W. Hopkins, 575 Elm St., Portland, Ore.
2nd Lt. Lee Fox, 503 Washington St., Bicknell, Ind.
2nd Lt. Harry B. Wehrenberg, 209 Willow Ave., Hoboken, N. J.
2nd Lt. Theodore Blanchard, Highland Fall, N. Y.
Maj. John F. Nevin, Freemansburg, Easton, Pa.
Capt. Carroll F. Byrd, Willows, Cal.
Capt. Gordon M. F. Chance, Ridge Rd., D. C.
Capt. Chester L. Fordney, 2015 Gratiot Rd., Saginaw, W. S., Mich.
Capt. Nimmo Old, Jr., 1118 Grove Ave., Richmond, Va.
Capt. Richard R. Day, 319 West 6th St., Dallas, Tex.
Capt. Louis F. Timmerman, 115 East 89th St., New York, N. Y.
1st Lt. Aubrey O. Loughmiller, Wills Point, Tex.
Capt. William H. Abrams, c/o Joseph Herzog & Co., 45 Rose St., New York, N. Y.
Capt. William J. Platten, 218 N. Oakland Ave., Green Bay, Wis.
Capt. John R. Foster, c/o W. & F. Mining Co., Herrin, Ill.
Capt. Richard R. Day, 319 West 6th St., Dallas, Tex.
Capt. William J. J. Elger, 723 Touloase St., New Orleans, La.
1st Lt. George M. Goodman, 701 East 55th St., Seattle, Wash.
1st Lt. Frank A. Mallen, 25 City Hall Pl., New York, N. Y.

MEN ASSIGNED TO CLASS 3, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE, DURING THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 21, 1925.

1ST SERGEANTS—Theodore L. Roennigke.

SERGEANTS—Patrick W. Baker, Norman W. Farley, Samuel J. Fuson, Ralph E. Fyfe, James R. Gurman, William E. Krah, Chester J. Salazer.

CORPORALS—Doughlas H. Adamson, Alfred N. Anderson, James P. Casey, Herbert V. Chaddock, Martin B. Fern, Judson H. Flower, Joseph W. Galley, Noah D. Gridley, George S. Halfpenny, James R. Henaley, Freeman Ingelson, Wilton J. Long, Frank D. Morgan, Calvin Mullins, Garland Sponburgh, Morrison M. Stuart, Norman John Vickerman, Henneing E. Walden, Roy D. Wilt, Ralph A. Winn.

PRIVATES FIRST CLASS—George B. Crawford, Charlie E. Deason, Ronald J. Delaney, Wayne P. Futch, Paul H. Hood, Luther Hopkins, Abraham K. Hutchison, Henry J. Keeler, Kenneth C. Kinner, Joseph J. Kuyasa, Edward F. Lamberger, Peter J. McKenna, George H. Melton, Eugene A. Nelson, Sofus Pederson, George Petrakas, Sydney Ritzlin, Noel W. Roberts, Morris Steele, Harvey J. Tinker, George H. Tusveld, Joseph S. Tyardzik, Wilfred J. White.

TRUMPERERS—Nelson H. Case, Thurman G. Eddy, Fred Esche, Charles P. Moylan, William Puskey, Stanley Starr, Frank J. Urbaniak.

PRIVATES—Dewey G. Blackman, Roy Blaydes, Albert J. Brusson, Roy D. Clark, Cono Corrente, Herman S. Cranmer, Joan I. Darrah, Anthony Diaz, Michael Fakelman, Earl B. Fireoved, Francis E. Fouhy, Hugh L. Gallagher, Michael Goley, Floyd W. Harris, Gerold Howard, Johnnie C. Jenkins, Delbert E. Johnson, Fred T. Johnson, William R. Johnson, Harmon O. Jones, Andrew I. Jordan, Cecil B. Kettlewell, Charles W. Kennedy, Harold T. King, Emil A. Klemz, Vern G. Leary, Bernerd J. McKone, John B. Mann, Albert A. Meltzer, Michael Mezzi, John B. Monk, Paul Napolitano, Anthony Richitt, James H. Ritenour, Anthony Shuder, Chester A. Spurgeon, Theodore J. Washick, James H. Webb, Birl W. Worley.

MEN ASSIGNED TO CLASS 3, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE, DURING THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 28, 1925

SERGEANTS—Lawrence B. Akin, Spurgeon L. Beaver, John D. Capet, Walter A. Churchill, Paul W. Lahme, Virgil R. McClain, LeRoy M. Miller, William W. Patton, Edward G. Puddy.

CORPORALS—Addis B. Clelland, Maurice J. Davis, Arthur S. Dibble, Joseph A. Dugas, John F. Eagan, John H. Evans, Glenn H. Hay, Jacob Herdt, Alfred R. Johnson, Hans Johnson, Leslie B. Lord, Donald P. Mansfield, Robert A. Martin, Thomas L. Martin, Nelson M. Mix, Cleo C. Norton, Clarence R. Parsons, Humbert A. Quadrino, Chester Ryland, George F. Serrs, Edward D. Smith, Henderson C. Walker, Roy A. Whitt.

PRIVATES FIRST CLASS—Leonard J. Booth, Elmer B. Brown, Charles C. Bupp, William B. Camp, Albert E. Christiansen, Roy E. Collins, William D. Collins, Roy O. Combs, William E. Crocker, Stanley E. Day, John J. Depta, John C. Ellis, Robert J. Emmert, Donald M. Freeman, Willie Fullerton, Bill W. Goins, Harold F. Gordon, August Hoffman, Harry N. Jackson, Earl A. Kirchgatter, Robert Livingston, Henry M. Martin, Edward J. Murray, Frank B. Nord, Albert T. Offen, Donald R. O'Neil, Porter Parker, Harry E. Rogers, Joseph F. Shulik, Charles W. Solomon, John L. Thomson, Joseph E. Whelan, Joseph F. Williams, Walter H. Williams.

TRUMPETERS—Arthur A. McGregor.

PRIVATES—Percy B. Barker, William H. Bell, Glenn C. Biehler, John E. Bielaski, Ralph A. Bone, Perry J. Cleveland, Lawrence J. Concannon, Henry E. Cronier, George J. Ditmer, Velzie Downs, Joseph A. Dube, Clark M. Erwin, Robert D. Evans, Roland F. Ferrell, Edward Foley, Hurbert A. Garrett, Glenn J. Hartmann, Edward H. Henry, Harry A. Holly, Milton C. House, Eugene A. Hudson, Paul Long, Frank Luciani, Emery C. McKinney, Richard E. Mayson, Ferdinand Mirra, Edward A. Maynihan, William R. Newman, Edward J. R. O'Donnell, George K. Pells, Otto Polivka, Richard H. Rawson, Ruben R. Sale, Carl G. Sauer, Eugene Scott, Harry T. Shea, George M. Stead, Frank E. Sylvester, Fernando Talbert, Azzie L. Tate, Simund Tobiasson, Edgar S. Vaughn, John Ventre, Peter Vinick, William W. Wasnor, Alfred Zolet.

PHYSICAL QUALIFICATIONS OF OFFICERS EXAMINED FOR PROMOTION

Recently a number of officers have been found physically disqualified for promotion as a result of defects which have not interfered with the satisfactory performance of their duties in their present grades. Apparently the impression has been created that the physical requirements called for in the Manual of the Medical Department, U. S. Navy, as relating to Midshipmen at the Naval Academy and for the original appointments from civil life, held also for officers undergoing physical examination for promotion. As a result, the failure of the board to find these officers physically qualified for the performance of all their duties at sea would automatically bring about orders for these officers to appear before a retiring board.

Boards of medical examiners will exercise their own judgment in making recommendations as to the physical qualifications of officers of the Navy and Marine Corps who are candidates for promotion.

Careful consideration should be given to candidates presenting physical defects which, from the evidence at hand, have not interfered with the proper performance of duty. In this connection particular attention is invited to candidates presenting defects of eyesight and hearing.

Instructions in the Manual of the Medical Department of the U. S. Navy, 1922, which are incompatible with the above, are hereby revoked.

ASSIGNMENTS TO CLASS THREE RESERVE

The following list of men were assigned to Class 3, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, during the week ending November 14, 1925:

Sergeants Carl C. Beck, William W. Bird and John M. Truitt; Corporals James H. Chiles, Jesse H. Hovis, Stanislaus Kozlaus Kozlowski, Herbert T. Leasure, George H. Mundt, Joseph Pace, Robert W. Powers, Carl E. Scott and Frank J. Thomas; Privates (first class) Frank T. Barton, Melvin F. Chiles, Gerald Crank, Charles J. Davis, Francis J. Duck, Charles F. Eck, Paul J. Findly, Harry Grimme, Theodore Jacobson, Harry G. Jewett, Joe Kowalchuk, Edward Wanecek, Bennie C. McAlexander, Donald B. McCormick, William L. McGee, Palmer Mazzucco, Edward J. Palmer, William G. Peterson, Harold E. Roszell, Winford F. Rudolph, James M. Smith, Russell F. Strasser and Lester J. Tintle; Trumpeter Raymond J. Street; Privates Herman F. Ames, Roy E. Braden, Arthur I. Cadenzer, Lodi Callahan, Floyd Christy, Joe Di Pofi, Ralph D. Douglas, John M. Geary, Edward Grydyck, Frank Guidara, Riley R. Hazelwood, John W. W. Head, Earl F. Hysert, William J. Keefe, Robert J. Lanier, Edward L. Love, Harold K. Marshall, Robert Mason, Eldridge C. Mobley, Theodore L. Nason, Vincent J. O'Connell, William W. Sanders, Robert M. Sarver, Willard C. Smith, Daniel H. Sugrue and Charles B. Thomas.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The major general commandant of the Marine Corps, Gen. John A. LeJeune, has forwarded commissions to the following named officers in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Major Charles G. Sinclair,
273 N.E. 15th Terrace,
Miami, Florida.

Capt. Frank B. Wilbur,
North Scituate, Rhode Island.

Capt. John DeWalt Macklin,
Circleville, Ohio.

1st Lieut. Thomas H. Raymond,
c/o C. H. Flower,
501 W. M. Garland Building,
Los Angeles, California.

1st Lieut. Leslie R. Smith,
2229 Cliff St., San Diego, Cal.

1st Lieut. Oscar B. Kaufman,
408 Realty Building,
Youngstown, Ohio.

1st Lieut. Alton N. Parker,
c/o Board of Trade,
Youngstown, Ohio.

1st Lieut. Colin J. McDonald,
Capital Bank Building,
5th and Roberts Sts.,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

2nd Lieut. Carl H. McKenzie,
1225 N. Second Street,
Harrisburg, Pa.

2nd Lieut. John S. Gray,
6611 Darlington Road,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

2nd Lieut. George F. Malcolm,
816-821 Hippe Building,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Advance Information

Notes On Service At Cavite, P. I.

By Capt. WILLIAM MILLS, U. S. M. C.

Some months ago our Personnel Section at Headquarters Marine Corps conceived the idea of collecting advance information from all posts of the Marine Corps, relative to the means of travel to the post, the living facilities offered at the post and a summary of the duties and social activities that are carried on. To this end the Personnel Section wrote to each post for the information. The idea was well received and Personnel has enjoyed excellent co-operation, and now, as a means of presenting this information to all officers and men, they have offered us the courtesy and privilege of publishing the letters already received. We feel certain that this information will prove valuable to our readers, and will be pleased to aid in any way possible towards getting further information.

We will be pleased to hear from any post that has not already sent in their advance information papers.—EDITOR.

The following suggestions are offered for the benefit of officers ordered to duty at Cavite or Olongapo, P. I.:

Household effects: Kitchen utensils and bedding are a necessity, and should be shipped in advance or by transport on which the officer travels.

Clothing: Who is the man that would dare say what clothing a woman should wear? Not I. If leaving from East coast, the time of year would decide the kind of clothing worn; if by way of San Francisco, no matter what season of the year, always have a heavy coat or suit available for use while there; they will be needed. This applies to all members of the family. Dresses of dark material, sport clothes and dresses suitable for wear at dinner will be required aboard ship. Any clothing worn at home during July and August is suitable for the tropics. Plenty of wash clothes for the children will be needed after arrival; khaki and white uniforms for wear on board ship.

Household effects should be shipped to arrive same time as traveler.

Passports not required when traveling by Government conveyance.

Railroad transportation: Secure transportation requests for self and family, also sleeping-car accommodations for family from the Quartermaster before leaving your station.

Accommodations can be had at any of several Hotels in San Francisco:

Rates per room per day vary.....$ 5.00 and up
Rates per room per week vary.....$25.00 and up
Rates per room per month vary.....$80.00 and up

Minimum cost, daily rates, one room, man and wife, $13.00 per day.

Minimum cost, monthly rates, one room, man and wife, $11.00 per day.

If family is such as to require additional room or rooms, cost thereof, also food at $4.00 per day for each additional member of family, must be added.

The following articles of household effects should not be brought to the Philippines: Rugs, heavy draperies, portieres, etc., heavy furniture; all this should be packed and stored before leaving the United States.

WILLIAM MILLS.

THE Peter Bain Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GARRISON BELT

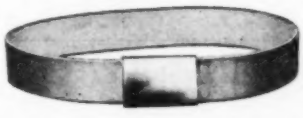


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A NATIVE DRINK

There's a liquor known as "vino"
In the land of Filipino
  That's a very fascinating sort of drink;
And if you should care to try it,
From the natives you can buy it,
  But it puts the wisest hombres on the blink.

Now this vino comes in bottles,
And it gags, and chokes, and throttles
  Anyone who cares the awful stuff to use;
It's a double distillation,
Alcoholic fermentation,
  And a drive-you, loco-poco sort of booze.

True, the Springfield is a rifle
That can surely kick a trifle,
  Better brace your shoulder when you close the bolt;
But to that vino liquor,
There is some class a kicker,
  It can surely hand a man an awful jolt.

Proved

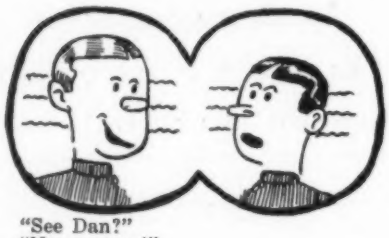
Syllogism from B. L.: "Money is jack; jack means to lift up—ergo, money is uplifting."



LIEUTENANT: Hey, you, you can't smoke in here!
BUCK: Who's smokin'?
LIEUTENANT: You! You got your pipe in your mouth!
BUCK: Yeh? Well, you got your pants on too, but you ain't pantin'!

"What is your name?"
"Jacob Abraham Levinsky, and I don't like it."
"How come?"
"I was in court the other day and the judge said, 'Are you a Jew?' and I said no and he put me in jail for perjury."—*W. Va. Moonshine.*

LADY DRIVER (at garage): Do you charge batteries here?
PROPRIETOR: Sure.
L. D.: Then put a new one in this car and charge it to my husband.—*Bison.*



"See Dan?"
"No, a coupe!"

Interesting, If True

The court met. (What?)

"For the trial of such persons as may be illegally inveigled before it."

The accused entered with blood in his eye, murder in his heart and bugs in his mustache.

No witnesses not otherwise connected with the trial were present, with the exception of John Bunny and Tige.

The accused was asked if he was ready for trial.

The accused replied that if it was all the same to the court, he would rather not be tried.

The recorder dropped a bottle of ink.

Each member and the recorder duly swore.

The accused was shocked.

The court was cleared and all the members and the recorder went outside to watch a dog-fight.

The court was opened, also a bottle of beer apiece.

The court sentenced Private Goldbrick to 30 days or $30. Private Goldbrick stated that he would rather have the $30.

Each member and the recorder duly swore again.

The accused persisted in his request, notwithstanding.

The trial was finished, so was the beer.

The court adjourned. John Bunny opened his eyes listlessly to see what it was all about and then rolled over and went back to sleep.—*Sgt. Bernica.*

The only difference between the Difficult and Impossible is that the Impossible takes a little more time.

Epitaph

Here lies the body
  Of Saffafras Wrought.
The train traveled faster
  Than Sassafras thought.
—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

INVICTUS

Out of the black night that covers me,
  Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstances
  I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
  My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
  I am the captain of my soul.
—*William Ernest Henley.*

HE: How I long to go away and hide, completely cut off from the rest of the world!
SHE: J'ever try a telephone booth?
—*University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



"Smoking hey?"
"Nope, Camels."

TWO WARRIORS

"I fought out in the Wilderness,"
  Said a Quantico Marine,
"And when I was at Gettysburg
  I saw a thrilling scene.

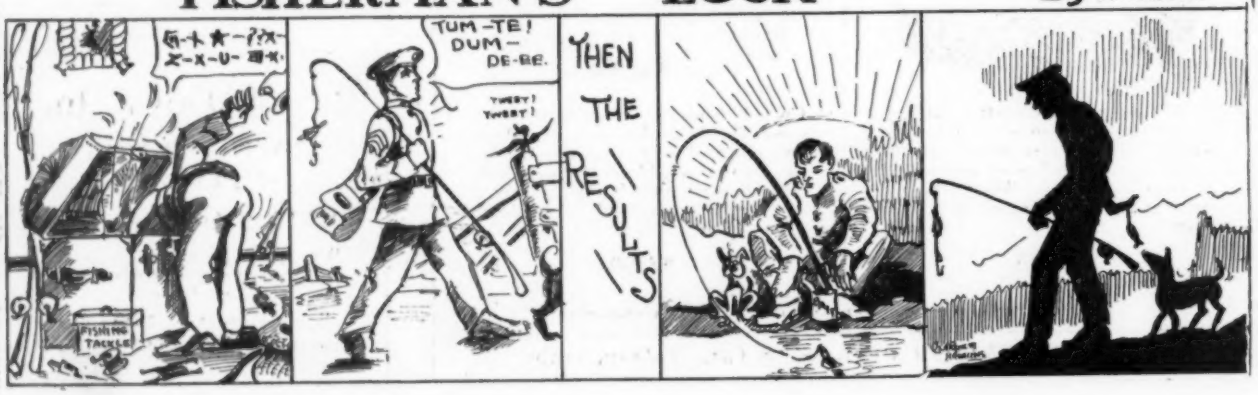
I tramped to Shenandoah,
  Was at Culebra, too;
But after old Antietam,
  Believe me, Jack, I'm thru."

"I saw the scrap at Belleau Wood,"
  Said a veteran, old and gray.
"I did my bit at Soissons,
  Where the Yankees won the day.

I fought at old St. Mihiel, too,
  Through the Argonne and Champaign,
And if they start another war
  I'll be right there again."

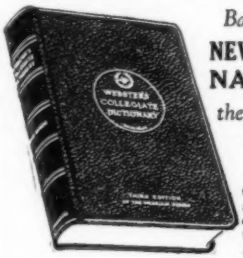
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